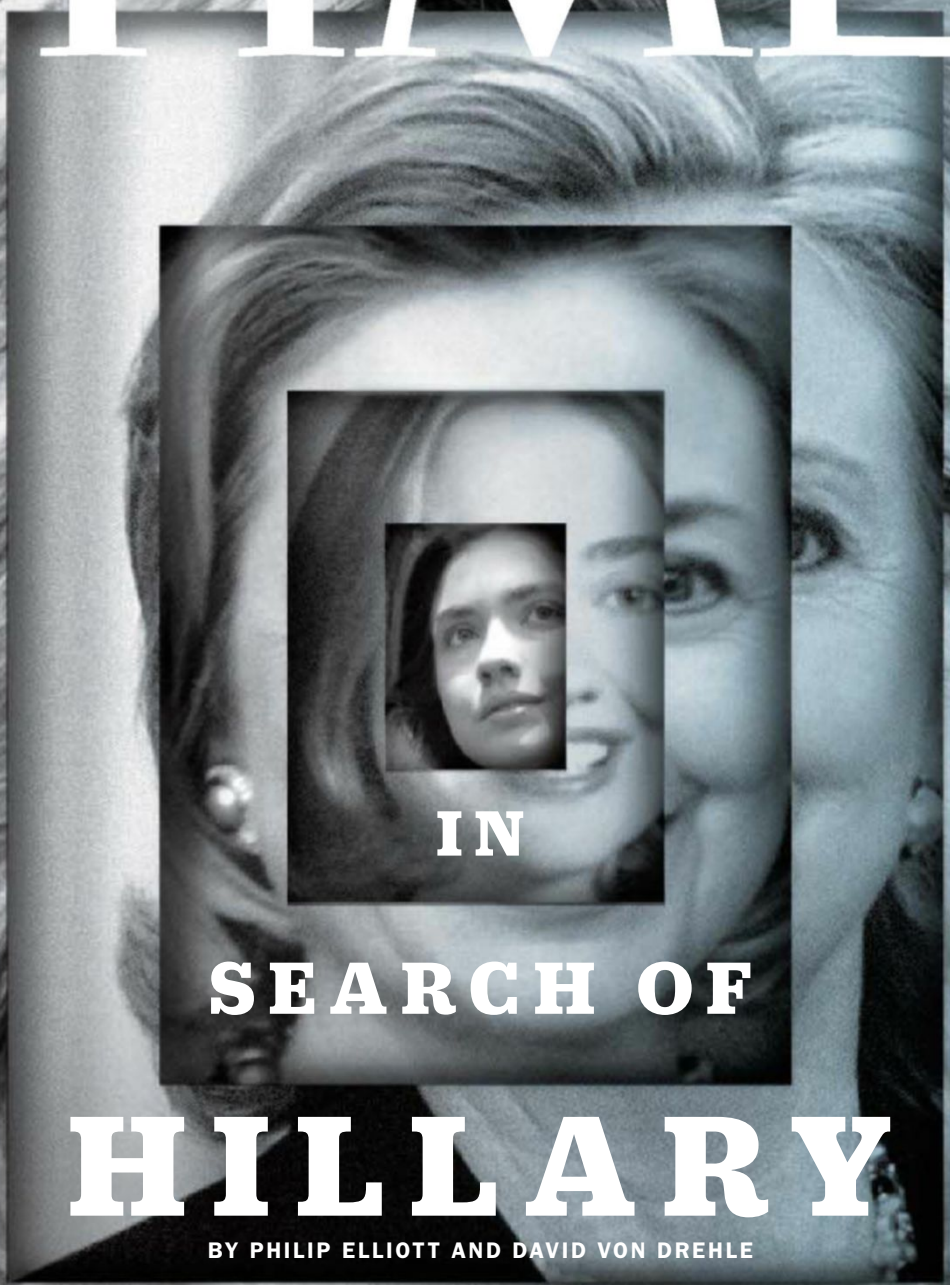
AUGUST 1, 2016

TIME



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BY PHILIP ELLIOTT AND DAVID VON DREHLE

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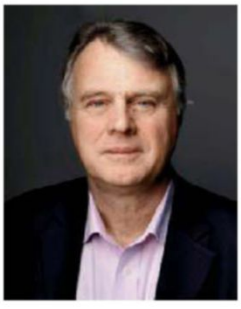
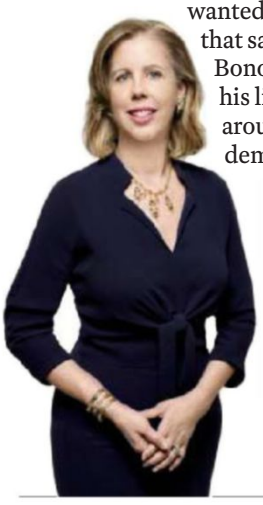
A life lived to the fullest

LONGTIME READERS OF *TIME*, OR BEFORE THAT *Newsweek* or the *Economist*, will remember the wise, sharp, surprising voice of our former international editor Michael Elliott, who died on July 14 at 65 after battling cancer. Michael was one of the few people I've known who deserved the description "larger than life." He lived life large, buoyantly, delightedly chasing the next big idea, spotting the next great talent and inviting us all to his table to listen and learn. He was a mentor to generations of journalists and a model to all of us as editors. There was nothing and no one that did not interest him, no place he hadn't been without bringing back a "ripping yarn."

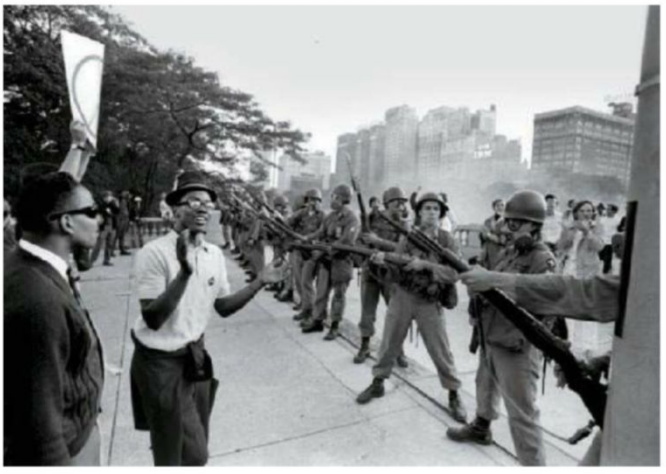


MICHAEL ELLIOTT, *1951–2016*

Two nights before he died, he was honored by the ONE Campaign, the global development organization co-founded by U2 lead singer Bono. Michael had served as CEO since 2011. It was like Michael to embark on a new adventure as he turned 60, especially one committed to helping the least fortunate among us. Born in Liverpool to parents who, he observed, seldom traveled more than four miles from home, he became a true man of the world, living for years in Asia and happily adopting the U.S. as home but remaining a fierce defender of a united Europe and the power of globalism to improve lives. He wanted to make things better: as an editor, to make journalism better, and as an activist, to make lives better. "Mike loved his life, lived it boldly and wanted the rest of the world to have that same experience of it," said Bono. "Above all else, he wanted his life to be useful. If you were around him, that's what he demanded of you."



Nancy Gibbs, EDITOR



A NEW VIEW OF 1968 As the Democratic Party convenes in Philadelphia to officially name its nominee for President, LIFE unveils a series of photos that were taken for the magazine's coverage of the infamous 1968 convention in Chicago but never made it to print—like this image of protesters confronting authorities in Lincoln Park. The tensions between police and demonstrators led LIFE to dub the event the "Democratic Convulsion." View the gallery at **life.com**

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MODEL MEALS Instagram is full of appetizing food photographs, so how can you make yours stand out? In a new TIME video, Instagram influencer Patrick Janelle shares the tricks that helped him grow his audience to more than 450,000 followers. Watch it on **lightbox.time.com**

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TIME
VOL. 188, NO. 5 | 2016

Clinton at the AIPAC conference in Washington, in March

Cover Story

The Known and Unknown Clinton

Her entire career has led to this point. Getting to know the most famous woman whom aides say nobody knows

By Philip Elliott and David Von Drehle 32

Hillary Behind the Scenes

At the movies, a belly laugh and other candids from nearly 20 years of documenting the person behind the politician

Photographs by Diana Walker 40

Will Being a Woman Help Her Win?

Record numbers of female voters are backing Hillary. How they think her gender helps and hurts her chances

By Charlotte Alter 42

The First Refugee Olympic Team

Ten athletes set to compete in Rio hope to change critics' views of displaced people

By S.L. Price 46

On the cover: *Photo-illustration by Oliver Munday for TIME*

Hillary Clinton, through the years (outward from center): At Wellesley College her senior year (1969); as Arkansas First Lady (1983); as First Lady of the U.S. (1997); as Secretary of State (2010); running for President (2016)

Photographs: Getty Images, Courtesy Hillary for America; David Hume Kennerly—Getty Images; Aamir Qureshi—AFP/Getty Images; Saul Loeb—AFP/Getty Images

1 | From the Editor
4 | For the Record

The Brief
News from the U.S. and around the world

7 | What the **Turkey** coup attempt means

9 | Ian Bremmer on **Europe's problem** with Turkey

12 | Led by Line, **messaging apps** take the spotlight

15 | After the **Nice attacks,** concerns about France's ability to screen jihadists

16 | A timeline of the **Russian doping scandal**

17 | Farewell to *Happy Days* creator **Garry Marshall**

18 | The GOP's veep nominee **Mike Pence**

The View
Ideas, opinion, innovations

21 | How social media changed the way we view **mass shootings**

22 | A breezy read on the future of **wind power**

23 | Do you **eat** like a Republican or a Democrat?

28 | William McCants on **ISIS vs. ISIS-ish:** the motivations of lone-wolf attackers

30 | Joe Klein on the GOP's **unprecedented assault** on Hillary Clinton

Stickers are the new texts, page 12

Time Off
What to watch, read, see and do

53 | A review of ***Star Trek Beyond***

54 | Quick Talk with actor **Evan Rachel Wood**

55 | Bryan Cranston returns to the drug world in ***The Infiltrator***

56 | A film chronicles the rhythm and blues of **Sharon Jones**

57 | The new docu ***Can We Take a Joke?***

58 | **Kids' books** on 9/11 and Ruth Bader Ginsburg

60 | TV masters depression as art form in ***BoJack Horseman*** and ***Casual***

62 | **Kristin van Ogtrop's** ode to the perfect babysitter

64 | 4 Questions for *Star Trek* star **Zachary Quinto**

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Driven to discover the cure

‘Haven’t been watching.’

COLIN POWELL, former U.S. Secretary of State, in an email response to a New York *Times* query about the Republican National Convention’s coverage of race

Amazon
The company said it would spend $300 million on original content

GOOD WEEK
BAD WEEK

Netflix
Share prices slipped on low growth

‘I LOVE THIS CITY BUT I WONDER IF THIS CITY LOVES ME.’

MONTRELL JACKSON, Baton Rouge, La., police officer, in a Facebook essay on police brutality. It was posted on July 8, nine days before Jackson and two other policemen were shot and killed by a man targeting officers; three more officers were injured

$61.6B

The total **cost BP says it incurred** from the 2010 Deepwater Horizon oil spill

2 billion

Number of Uber rides taken as of June 18, six months after the company’s first billion rides

‘WE WILL CONTINUE TO CLEANSE THE VIRUS FROM ALL STATE INSTITUTIONS.’

RECEP TAYYIP ERDOGAN, President of Turkey, speaking to mourners at a funeral for victims of an unsuccessful military coup

‘Racism exists … But we have to make people take responsibility.’

LESLIE JONES, *Ghostbusters* actor, calling for Twitter to do more to stop hate speech after she was inundated with racist messages; the company then banned a vocal antagonist of Jones, conservative writer Milo Yiannopoulos

6%

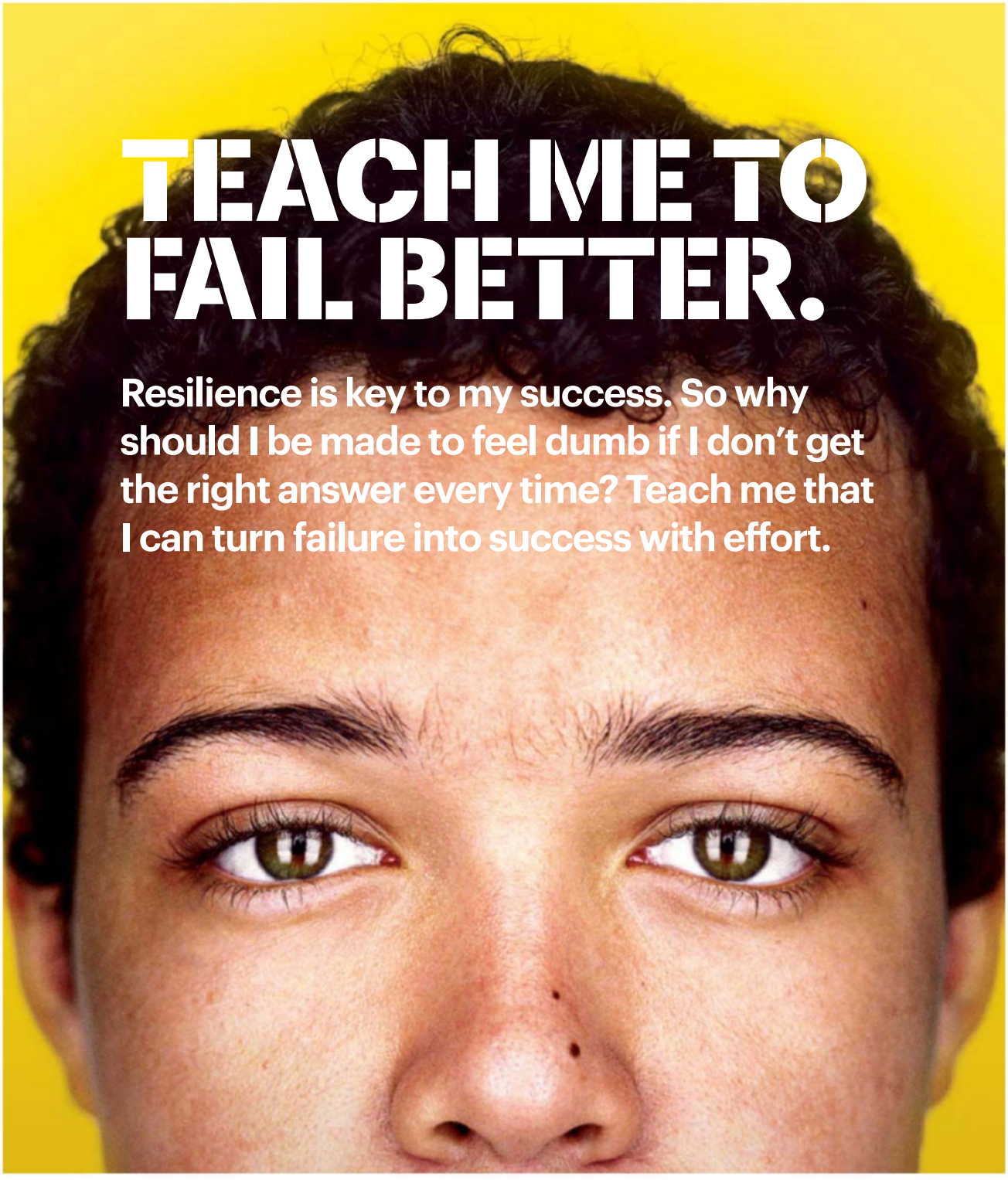
How much Delta plans to reduce flight capacity to the U.K. this winter, citing Brexit

‘France is going to have to live with terrorism.’

MANUEL VALLS, French Prime Minister, after a man drove a truck into a crowd of people celebrating Bastille Day in Nice, killing at least 84 and injuring more than 300; the attack happened about eight months after the massacre at Paris’ Bataclan concert hall

SOURCES: BBC; NEW YORK TIMES

POWELL, JONES: ERDOGAN, VALLS: GETTY IMAGES; JACKSON: BATON ROUGE POLICE DEPARTMENT/REUTERS; NETFLIX: AP; AMAZON: ALAMY; ILLUSTRATIONS BY BROWN BIRD DESIGN FOR TIME



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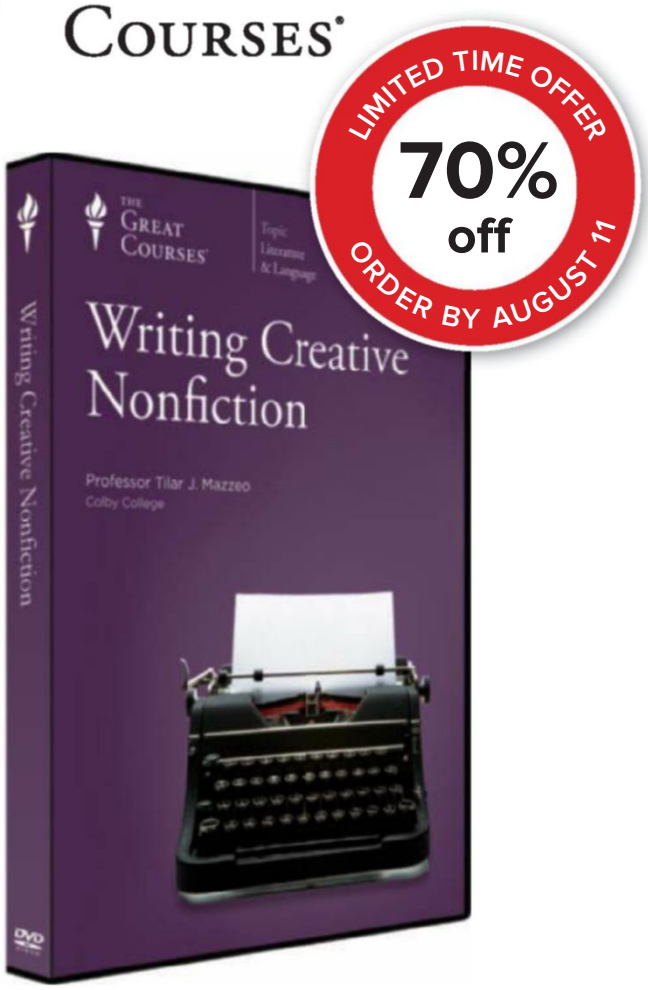

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The Brief

'SOMEONE WHO SHOOTS AT FRENCH PEOPLE ... DOES NOT HAVE A PLACE IN FRANCE.' —PAGE 15

SPECIAL REPORT

Turkey's long night of the soul

By Jared Malsin/Istanbul

Thousands of Turks take to the streets of Istanbul in the early hours of July 16 to protest the attempted coup

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIUS BECKER

WHEN TURKISH MILITARY OFFICERS SET IN MOTION AN attempted coup d'état on the night of July 15, lawmakers in the capital, Ankara, were quick to rush to the parliament building. As explosions rocked the capital and President Recep Tayyip Erdogan was nowhere to be seen, it appeared the lawmakers might be making their last stand in defense of Turkey's democracy. Before heading to government headquarters, opposition lawmaker Mahmut Tanal brought a copy of the Turkish constitution. Another, Orhan Atalay from Erdogan's ruling Justice and Development Party (AKP), grabbed his gun.

That might have been the better choice. Turkish and U.S. officials now believe the attempted coup was a serious and well-armed bid for power that came within a hairbreadth of succeeding. The coup plotters commanded tanks, helicopters and F-16s. They opened fire on crowds, invaded television studios and shelled the main parliament building. By his own account, Erdogan narrowly avoided capture and possibly execution, fleeing minutes before troops raided his hotel in the seaside town of Marmaris, where he had been on vacation. It wasn't until the next morning, after Erdogan had rallied his supporters to the streets, that it became clear the attempt had failed. Some 280 people were killed, according to the President, including 100 he called coup participants.

The attempted coup came after a year in which Turkey's reputation as an oasis of stability in the chaotic Middle East has crumbled. Conflict reignited between the government and Kurdish separatists in July 2015. The country has been rocked by a devastating series of attacks against civilians blamed on both ISIS and Kurdish militants, culminating in the ISIS assault on Istanbul's main airport in June. The traumas deepened political divisions in Turkey, where rival camps already viewed each other with increasing distrust as Erdogan gathered more and more power. Now, as he clamps down further in an effort to reassert control, the coup attempt has deepened anxieties about the suddenly uncertain future of this NATO member and longtime U.S. ally.

ON THE NIGHT of the coup attempt, Tanal was at a bar-association office in Ankara when he heard fighter jets flying low over the capital. He checked social media and saw that soldiers had blocked bridges in Istanbul. He soon heard of an attack on the intelligence headquarters in Ankara and thought he stood a better chance of avoiding arrest at the fortified parliament complex with other MPs. Still, he brought a bag of items he might need in prison—including that copy of the constitution. "I'm a lawyer and a member of the human-rights committee in parliament," he says. "I know what's needed in jail."

In a different part of the city, Atalay of the ruling AKP was at home when he heard an explosion. After making calls, he learned that a coup attempt was under way. He took his gun and, as he got into his car, heard yet another explosion, this time at a nearby police headquarters. "I saw the flames with my own eyes," he says.

Lawmakers from three parties soon gathered in the main parliament hall while leaders of the fourth, the pro-Kurdish Peoples' Democratic Party, sent messages expressing solidarity. Speaker Ismail Kahraman delivered a defiant address, declaring the parliament still in session. But even as he spoke, lawmakers heard an explosion, an apparent bombing nearby. Ten minutes later there was a second blast, this time a direct attack on the parliament building, prompting shouting and chaos inside the chamber.

'This uprising is a gift from God to us because this will be a reason to cleanse our army.'

PRESIDENT RECEP TAYYIP ERDOGAN, addressing the people of Turkey in the early hours of July 16

At about the time the MPs were evacuating the main parliament chamber, Erdogan made his first public statement since the coup attempt had gotten under way. He appeared not in a TV studio or a government office but via video chat on a newscaster's phone, in a moment that suggested a tenuous grasp on power. He nevertheless struck a defiant tone, urging the Turkish public to take to the streets to oppose the coup. "I am also on my way," he said.

Crowds of protesters soon responded. In Ankara, they assembled on the street outside the parliament, facing tanks. In Istanbul, Turkey's largest city, 270 miles northwest of the capital, the coup plotters deployed tanks blocking two key bridges spanning the Bosporus Strait that separates the European and Asian sides of the city. Hundreds of

PREVIOUS PAGE: EPA; TANK: TOLGA BOZOGLU—EPA; ERDOGAN: BULENT KILIC—AFP/GETTY

People in Istanbul clamber onto tanks and challenge soldiers taking part in the attempted coup on the night of July 15

protesters gathered in the vast plaza of Istanbul's Taksim Square. In the center of the square, soldiers ringed a statue, facing out toward protesters who jeered in their faces. With sporadic gunfire in the background, the crowd chanted a universal Muslim call and response: *"Takbir—Allahu akbar!"* or "God is great! The greatest!"

After evading the coup plotters, Erdogan flew not to the capital but to Istanbul, where he served as mayor from 1994 to 1998 and where he enjoys a broad base of popular support. Landing at Istanbul's Ataturk International Airport between 4:00 and 4:30 in the morning, Erdogan delivered another fiery address, confirming that he remained in power and denouncing the coup as an act of treason—one he would not forgive. "They will pay a heavy price for this," he said. "This uprising is a gift from God to us because this will be a reason to cleanse our army."

THOUGH U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE John Kerry initially responded cautiously to the early reports of the coup attempt, President Obama later issued a statement saying Washington "agreed that all parties in Turkey should support the democratically elected government of Turkey, show restraint and avoid any violence or bloodshed." A senior State Department official said later that the decision on the U.S. response had been made quickly. "It was not a hard call for us to stand up for Turkish democracy and rule of law and against the notion of use of force to take power."

But the aftermath of the insurrection threatens to worsen long-standing disagreements between Ankara and Washington over democratic reform in Turkey and tactics in the fight against ISIS across the border in Iraq and Syria. Following the coup attempt, Turkish authorities hastily restricted airspace around Incirlik air base, where a tanker took off that refueled planes commandeered by the coup plotters, apparently without the knowledge of the U.S. forces also stationed there. Some pro-government media and officials have advanced conspiracy theories that the U.S. had covertly or overtly backed the coup—charges Washington denies.

The airspace restrictions briefly halted operations in the U.S.-led bombing campaign against ISIS. Though U.S. operations have since resumed, American officials privately worry about future access to the base in southern Turkey, which is also where NATO's largest nuclear arsenal is stored. And Washington is concerned that Erdogan may grow increasingly illiberal in the aftermath of the coup. "We have an interest in Turkish democracy writ large," says the State Department official.

Those fears are already coming true. Erdogan has begun purging the state of thousands of soldiers, police, judges and other civil servants accused of links to the coup plot. But he went beyond those involved with the insurrection—the government also sacked some 20,000 employees of the Ministry of Education and demanded the resignation of 1,577 university deans. Academics have

THE RISK REPORT

Europe's Turkey problem

By Ian Bremmer

EARLIER THIS YEAR, THE E.U. reached a deal with Turkey to slow the flow of refugees. As a condition, the E.U. promised to allow Turks visa-free travel to Europe in exchange for President Recep Tayyip Erdogan's promise to observe principles of democracy and human rights. So far the deal remains in place, but Erdogan says it can't continue unless Europe keeps its promises on travel. The E.U. says the offer is valid only when Erdogan enacts changes.

Then came Turkey's failed coup. Those outside Turkey who saw brave citizens face down tanks on live TV might think it represented a clear-cut win for democracy. There's no denying that Erdogan's party has a real mandate. But thousands have been arrested since the coup, and 2,745 judges have been removed. Erdogan looks to be settling scores with enemies both real and imagined. How will Europe respond?

Events in Turkey have exposed ugly truths about Europe. It's harder to defend liberal democracy when multiple E.U. members refuse to accept small numbers of migrants according to a quota system set by majority vote of E.U. states. Or when xenophobic voices rise in liberal countries like France, Italy and Denmark.

Even in defense of liberal democracy, there is sometimes a case for compromise. But the next chapter of Turkey's history—and Europe's response—will tell us just how deep Europe's leaders will bury their principles to avoid the next crisis.

Erdogan says he will purge Turkey of those involved in the coup

been barred from traveling abroad, according to state media. And on July 20, Erdogan declared a three-month state of emergency.

The government blames the coup on Fethullah Gulen, an influential Turkish religious leader who has lived in self-imposed exile in Pennsylvania since 1999 and fell out with Erdogan in 2013. The government says Gulen's followers established a vast network within state institutions, which it is now trying to eliminate. Erdogan has demanded that the U.S. extradite Gulen, who denies any role in the coup plot. White House officials say they are skeptical of the accusations but are not ruling them out.

Erdogan's harsh reaction is perhaps to be expected given how close he came to losing his office—and potentially his life. But the latest measures have fueled fears that he is using the coup attempt to suppress critics who had no connection to the insurrection. "I hope and I wish that the party in power learns a lesson," says Tanal, the opposition lawmaker. "The regime they are running has made a lot of mistakes."

AS THE SUN ROSE on July 16, silence fell over Ankara and the sheltering MPs began to peer out of the parliament headquarters. Everywhere in the compound there were security men, including some the lawmakers recognized and others they didn't. "Everybody was scared of each other," says Tanal. Some police he had previously known walked him to his car. To his surprise, the vehicle was intact, unscathed by the shelling. He drove home in the morning sun.

The coup attempt has yielded a political paradox. It prompted a moment of unprecedented unity as the vast majority of Turks—including some opposed to the government—came together over the course of a long night to resist an attack on democracy. But unless Erdogan joins them in that unity, Turkey's divisions will only deepen. "The people did what they needed to. They stood by the government. They showed political maturity," says Nigar Goksel, a senior analyst on Turkey at the International Crisis Group in Istanbul. "Now the ball is in the court of the government to reciprocate." —*With reporting by* MASSIMO CALABRESI/WASHINGTON ☐

LightBox

Soldiers involved in the attempted coup surrender on the Bosporus Bridge in Istanbul early on July 16; thousands of suspected plotters were later rounded up

Photograph by Gokhan Tan—Getty Images

TRENDING

COURTS

On July 18, **a judge acquitted Lieutenant Brian Rice,** the highest-ranking Baltimore cop charged in the 2015 death of Freddie Gray, who suffered a spinal injury in police custody. After four of six trials, there have been three acquittals, one mistrial and no convictions.

POLITICS

Irish Prime Minister Enda Kenny raised the possibility for the first time of a unity referendum for **Northern Ireland to join with the Irish Republic,** as the U.K. prepares to leave the E.U. Kenny said a vote might be possible, given that the province voted against leaving the bloc.

HEALTH

Florida health officials are investigating the possible **first local transmission of the Zika virus in the continental U.S.** The other 1,306 U.S. cases have involved travelers to affected regions abroad. Utah is also probing how a son got the virus while caring for his infected father.

TECHNOLOGY

Messaging services are generating some of tech's most exciting new ideas

By Lisa Eadicicco

SINCE ITS INCEPTION IN THE 1980S, TEXT messaging hasn't changed much. Sure, over the years, smartphone messages got longer and added photos, videos and emojis, but their purpose—concise communication—stayed more or less static.

Lately, the technology has experienced something akin to the Cambrian explosion, with a broad range of new species of messaging emerging from companies large and small around the world. These are stretching the purpose and possibility of the lowly text in novel and profitable directions. In the process, the trend has created one of the most effervescent global technology races in recent memory.

On July 14, the Japanese firm Line was the latest to show the promise of messaging by going public and raising more than $1 billion, the largest tech IPO of the year. In addition to basic texting and calling, Line's app offers animated stickers—many of which users pay for—as well as games and a digital wallet. "It has a proven revenue model," says Gartner research director Jessica Ekholm, setting it apart from some social networks that have had trouble keeping sales growing.

Messaging services take different tacks depending on their origin. In China, Tencent's WeChat has become a crucial tool for managing daily life, allowing users to do everything from hailing taxis to paying their utility bills. Facebook, which acquired startup messenger WhatsApp for $22 billion two years ago, is promoting automated agents that can answer users' questions or help them find information. This fall, Apple will revamp its Messages app, the most frequently used software on iPhones, to incorporate stickers and animated themes. Google, Microsoft and many startups are working on similar software.

This reflects a shift in the way users interact with apps, as Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers partner Mary Meeker noted in June in her widely read annual Internet report. She said messaging apps are likely to become default portals for shopping, ordering food, transferring money and more. Many tech firms seem to agree with her. ◻

WHERE—AND HOW—MESSAGING APPS RULE

LINE
218.4 million users
Heavy focus on stickers and themes; popular in Japan, Thailand, Taiwan and Indonesia

WECHAT
Over 700 million users
Dominant in China, it has become smartphone users' preferred tool to chat, pay bills and follow the news

WHATSAPP
1 billion users
This basic messenger allows free voice calls and is widely used in India, Latin America, parts of Africa and Russia

FACEBOOK MESSENGER
1 billion users
Hosts messages from Facebook contacts; popular in the U.S., Canada, Europe and Australia

GOOGLE ALLO
Launching summer 2016
Will integrate Google search and learn over time how users text, to suggest replies automatically

APPLE IMESSAGE
New version in fall 2016
Apple's basic texting app will be upgraded with slick animations, stickers and an automatic emoji translator

Line makes huge profits by selling cute stickers ▶

COURTS, POLITICS: AP; HEALTH: GETTY IMAGES; TECHNOLOGY: LINE CORPORATION

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The other guy.

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DATA

ACCIDENTAL VANDALS

A 91-year-old in Germany who mistakenly filled in an $89,000 work of art that looked like a crossword puzzle joined the list of hapless desecraters around the world:

Paolo Porpora
Flowers
$1.5 million value
A boy in Taiwan accidentally punched a hole in this painting in 2015.

Tracey Emin
Self Portrait: Bath
$79,038
The sculpture's neon light snapped off in 2008 after a visitor's skirt snagged on the piece.

Qing vases
$132,610
In 2006 a man fell down a staircase in the U.K.'s Fitzwilliam Museum and destroyed three Qing-dynasty vases.

PORPORA: PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY TIME; PAINTING: ZUMA PRESS; FRAME: GETTY IMAGES; EMIN: HELEN POWELL; VASES: AP; FRANCE: ANTOINE CHAUVEL

Eighty-four people were killed in the July 14 terrorist attack in the southern French city of Nice

FRANCE

Yet another terror attack leaves France enraged

By Vivienne Walt

NOT AGAIN. THAT WAS THE LAMENT OF MANY across France after Mohamed Lahouaiej Bouhlel fatally mowed down 84 revelers in a 19-ton truck on Nice's seafront Promenade des Anglais on July 14—Bastille Day. This third major terrorist attack within just 18 months felt both unbelievable and inevitable. Now, France wonders, who can possibly put the country back on track?

Certainly not their leaders. Even as the boardwalk in Nice filled up with familiar flowers, candles and stuffed toys for the 10 children killed, fury lay just below the grief. When Prime Minister Manuel Valls arrived on the packed waterfront with top officials on July 18 to mark a minute's silence, chants of "Resign!" and "Murderer!" rang out from the crowd. It was hard to find a starker contrast to the massive solidarity march in Paris in January 2015 after the *Charlie Hebdo* murders or the weeks of public grieving and JE SUIS PARIS signs after the November attacks that killed 130 people. This time, amid signs on the Promenade des Anglais reading JE SUIS NICE, many read JE SUIS ÉPUISÉ (I AM EXHAUSTED).

> 'This is difficult to say, but more lives will be lost.'
>
> MANUEL VALLS, Prime Minister of France, shortly after the Nice attack

The French are now training their frustrations on politicians who seem powerless to dismantle the deadly threats. In a poll after the July 14 massacre, 88% of French people said their government had failed to protect them against jihadists. Just one-third thought it was even capable of doing so. "The first attack, O.K.," said Rudy Salles, deputy mayor of Nice for the center-right UDI party, standing on the promenade the night after the attack. "The second attack, O.K. The third attack—we want action."

French officials want action too—if they can only stop arguing long enough to decide what that should be. The historically unpopular President François Hollande extended the eight-month state of emergency within hours of the Nice attack, reversing a decision made just hours before to halt it. Attempting to cast himself as a wartime leader, he mobilized military reservists and vowed to step up air strikes against ISIS positions. Yet three days later, Prime Minister Valls admitted that nothing the government was doing would likely keep the French people any safer. "This is difficult to say, but more lives will be lost," he told the *Journal du Dimanche*. "Terrorism will be part of our daily lives for a long time."

That may be honest, but it is scarce comfort for a scared country. The Nice attack appears to have finally exposed a government fresh out of ideas as it faces a near impossible task: stopping attackers whose jihadist links are believed to be tenuous at best. French officials believe Bouhlel was radicalized only weeks before the attack. It seems to be a pattern of an emerging generation of attackers; an Afghan teenage refugee who attacked train passengers in Germany with an ax on July 18 was also a brand-new convert to jihadism. Both attacks were hastily claimed by ISIS. But Bouhlel, at least, was hardly devout; his acquaintances describe the French-Tunisian as a violent, unstable drinker. "He was not a Muslim," Walid Hamou, a friend of Behloul's former wife, told TIME in Nice. "He didn't do Ramadan. He did not pray."

> 'The first attack, O.K. The second attack, O.K. The third attack—we want action.'
>
> RUDY SALLES, deputy mayor of Nice

Who can stop invisible loners like these from waging terror? Hollande's rivals—looking ahead to the presidential elections scheduled for April and May of next year—were quick to volunteer themselves. "Everything that should have been done over the past 18 months was not done," former President Nicolas Sarkozy, who is likely to run in 2017, told France's TF1 television on July 17. He revived the controversial idea of stripping terrorist suspects who are dual citizens or foreign residents of their French nationality. "Someone who shoots at French people, someone who kills, someone who wants to do jihad, does not have a place in France," Sarkozy said. "It will be them or us."

The far-right National Front leader Marine Le Pen has pounced too. A photo of the giant memorial gathering on the Promenade des Anglais appeared on July 18 on the party website. Above read the slogan, AGAINST IMMIGRATION, ONLY ONE SOLUTION: THE NATIONAL FRONT.

There will be more such proposals from Hollande's opponents as next year's elections draw closer, but experts doubt that the politics will make the country any safer. "After every attack there is a race for the one who can make the most definitive proposals about terrorism," says Jean-Charles Brisard, chairman of the Center for the Analysis of Terrorism in Paris. "It is dangerous for our country and our citizens, because politicians are playing a short-term game. And the threat is here to stay for a long time." The only question for the battered and fearful French is what comes first—another empty political gesture or another attack. □

TRENDING

MEDIA
Roger Ailes is in talks to **step down as CEO of Fox News,** according to media reports. The former Republican Party strategist, who founded the network in 1996, is the subject of a sexual-harassment lawsuit by former employee Gretchen Carlson. He denies any wrongdoing.

TERRITORY
China's naval chief Wu Shengli said July 18 that Beijing will **continue pursuing sweeping claims to territory in the South China Sea,** despite an international tribunal's ruling July 12 that it has no legal basis. Wu said China "will never give up halfway" on building new islands.

CRIME
Indonesian police announced that they had killed Santoso, **the leader of a militant group that backs ISIS,** during a shoot-out on the island of Sulawesi. The country's most wanted militant was officially designated a global terrorist by the U.S. in March.

TIMELINE

Russian doping

The World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA) confirmed in a July 18 report that Russia covered up widespread doping in the past two Olympic Games. As Olympics chiefs prepare to decide whether Russia should be banned entirely from the 2016 Games, here's how the scandal has unfolded. —*Julia Zorthian*

DEC 2014
A German documentary is the first to claim Russia sponsored doping and cheating on drug tests, implicating the International Association of Athletics Federations (IAAF), then led by **Lamine Diack.**

AUG 2015
A second documentary claims evidence of widespread doping on the basis of leaked IAAF data. **Sebastian Coe** succeeds Diack as IAAF chief and refutes the claims.

NOV. 9
The first part of a WADA investigation into the claims finds the Russian government complicit in a culture of cheating and urges bans for Russian athletes.

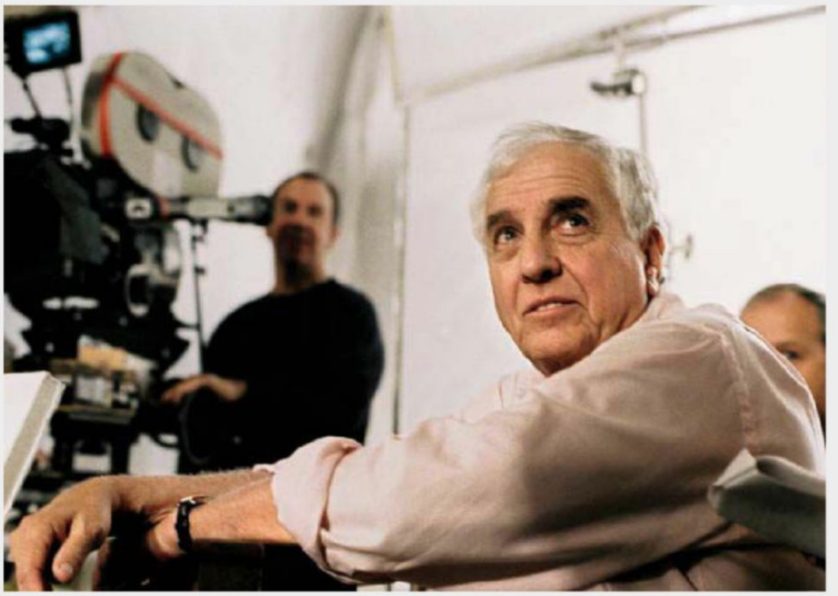
NOV. 13
The IAAF suspends Russia's track-and-field team from international competition.

JAN 2016
The IAAF bans Russian athletics chief **Valentin Balakhnichev** for life for taking bribes. The second part of the WADA probe is released and accuses the IAAF of ignoring Russian doping.

MAY
Russia's anti-doping-lab head **Grigory Rodchenkov** admits helping fake test results for 15 medal winners at the 2014 Winter Olympics in Sochi.

JULY
The International Olympic Committee says it will consider expelling Russia from the 2016 Games in Rio.

Milestones



Marshall directed 18 movies and worked on scores of TV shows

DIED

Garry Marshall
Happy Days *creator*

GARRY MARSHALL BROUGHT A POPULIST TOUCH to nearly every movie and television show that he directed, developed or wrote over a career that spanned more than 50 years. His streak of TV successes bore their creator's friendly democratic stamp, from *Happy Days,* which ran for 11 seasons, to *Mork & Mindy,* which introduced the world to Robin Williams.

The Marshall touch is just as evident in the movies he wrote and directed. *Beaches* (1988) still frequently tops polls of movies guaranteed to get the waterworks flowing. The Cinderella fantasy *Pretty Woman* (1990) tapped the zeitgeist in a spectacular way, despite some questionable sexual politics. His old-school romantic comedies like *Runaway Bride* (1999) and *The Princess Diaries* (2001) explore a question that all of us ask: How does anyone become oneself in the face of what society—especially the opposite sex—expects from us?

Marshall, who died July 19 at age 81, knew how to make sweet, funny music from that inherently troubling chord. Some would call Marshall's work conventional, others timeless. That's the central contradiction of great entertainers: plenty of times, they're both. —STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

DIED
Nate Thurmond, star center for the then San Francisco Warriors in the 1960s and '70s. The seven-time All-Star was known for his defensive skills.

DECLASSIFIED
Twenty-eight pages from a 2002 congressional inquiry into the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, **discussing possible ties between the hijackers and Saudi Arabia.** The White House said they did not prove the Saudi government had a direct role in the attacks.

ELECTED
The United Methodist Church's **first openly gay bishop,** the Rev. Karen Oliveto of San Francisco, by the church's western district, in spite of the denomination's ban on same-sex relationships.

PAKISTAN

'Honor killings' and the murder of a social-media star

ON JULY 15, QANDEEL BALOCH, a Pakistani social-media star, was strangled to death by her brother for "dishonoring" the family name by being outspoken about female sexuality. So-called honor killings are widespread in Pakistan, where more than 1,000 women were killed by relatives in 2015. But they're a global issue:

ORIGINS Honor killings—which claim thousands each year, mostly in Muslim, Hindu and Sikh communities—stem not from religion but from traditional patriarchy and occur when women are seen as having dishonored their families. Murderers often get off lightly, especially in Pakistan, where a legal loophole allows the guilty relative to walk free if families forgive them.

SCALE The bulk of reported cases happen in Pakistan, India and Middle Eastern countries like Jordan, Afghanistan and Yemen. But the West is no stranger to such killings in diaspora communities: each year, there are an average of 10 to 12 in the U.K., 13 in the Netherlands and 27 in the U.S. Many more likely go unreported.

SOLUTIONS The death of Baloch has sparked outrage in Pakistan, fueled by her massive fan base. Under pressure from women's activist groups, the government announced plans on July 20 to close the "forgiveness" loophole. But it might take more than legal reforms to end this deep-rooted and deadly custom.

—TARA JOHN

Baloch, who has been likened to Kim Kardashian, was killed for championing female sexuality on social media

TERRITORY: MEDIA; BALAKHNICHEV: GETTY IMAGES; CRIME; COE: AP; DIACK: EPA; RODCHENKOV: THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX; MARSHALL: WALT DISNEY PICTURES/ZUMA; BALOCH: REUTERS

Mike Pence is Donald Trump's political opposite

By Alex Altman/Cleveland

CONSERVATIVE ACTIVISTS WERE DIGGING INTO PLATES OF pasta in downtown Cleveland when a surprise guest appeared to offer testimony. "It's time for us to come together," Republican vice-presidential nominee Mike Pence told the group, which had held a discussion of whether conservatives could support Donald Trump. "I have a sense of this man. I have a sense of his heart."

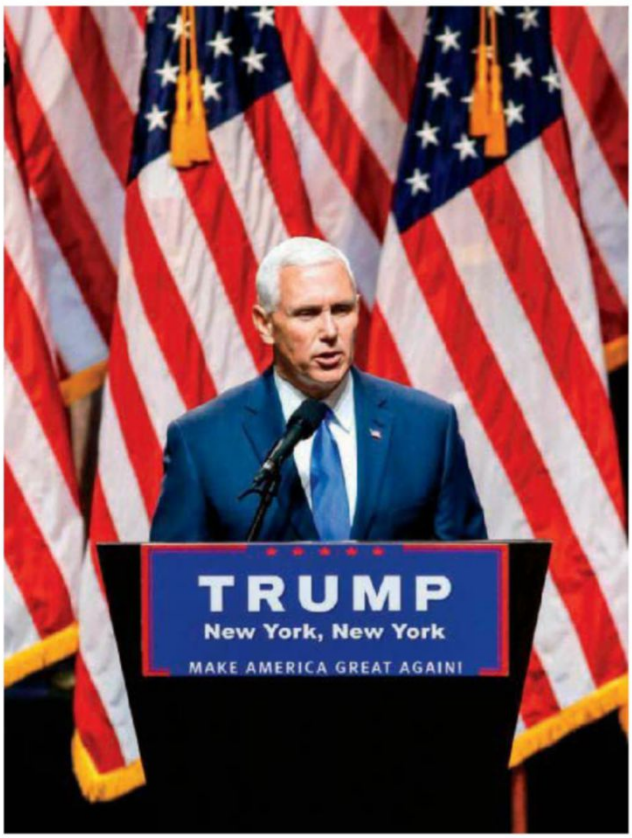
It was pure political cliché: banal, reassuring, predictable. Which may be just what Trump needs in a running mate. Until recently, the Indiana governor didn't know Trump from Adam. They make an unlikely, even unimaginable match: the entertainer and the ideologue; one pompous, one pious; the billionaire Manhattanite and the mild Midwesterner. But in a bitterly divided party, an arranged marriage of political opposites offers benefits for both.

Trump gets a movement conservative who can soothe his skeptical brethren. Pence, 57, is a congressional veteran with deep ties to the religious right and a fiscal record that made him a favorite of the Koch brothers. "His voice comes as close to Ronald Reagan's as anyone's," says Representative Jeb Hensarling of Texas.

Pence, who was locked in a tighter than expected reelection contest, gets a political lifeline. And a spot on the ticket is just the latest twist in his improbable ascent. The son of a gas-station owner from southern Indiana, Pence lost his maiden House campaign in 1988. A rematch two years later was derailed by revelations that he had legally repurposed campaign funds to pay his mortgage and other personal expenses. Pence found political salvation on talk radio—he liked to describe himself as "Rush Limbaugh on decaf"—and finally won a House seat a decade later. By the time Pence went home to serve as governor after the 2012 election, a bid for national office didn't seem far off.

It's easy to see why Pence looked perfect to Trump's advisers. The challenge was convincing the candidate that the buttoned-up pro was a better pick than former House Speaker Newt Gingrich—a self-described "pirate"—or New Jersey Governor Chris Christie, who shares Trump's taste for rhetorical combat. The night before announcing Pence as his choice on July 15, Trump worked the phones, questioning allies about the union, even as Pence prepared for their debut in a Manhattan hotel. But in a rare case of outside guidance prevailing over Trump's gut instinct, the CEO stuck with the Hoosier from the church pew.

The pick cheered conservatives Trump has struggled to win over. At a fractious Cleveland convention, Pence was nominated on July 19 without a murmur of dissent. "Mike is a great choice," gushed Bob Vander Plaats, an evangelical kingmaker and Iowa delegate. The campaign plans to send Pence to the Rust Belt and rural Midwest, hoping to pick off votes this fall in Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio.



Indiana Governor Mike Pence makes his debut as a member of the Republican ticket on July 16

But in other ways, Pence fits the Trump campaign like a bad suit. Running mates usually play the role of attack dog, but Pence swore off mudslinging a generation ago. "Negative campaigning is wrong," he wrote in a 1991 essay. And while Trump's aides won't ask him to wield the blade, they do need him to make the case against Hillary Clinton. "You don't want to write a sequel called *Regrets of a Positive Campaigner,*" says Kellyanne Conway, a Pence ally and Trump adviser.

Democrats claimed to be just as ecstatic about the pick as Republicans. Pence is the most conservative member of a national ticket in years. His views on abortion, gay rights and other social issues may dampen his appeal with swing voters and help the Democrats raise money. He is a safe bet to promote Republican unity now. But he could turn off independents in November.

—With reporting by WILL DRABOLD/WASHINGTON *and* JAY NEWTON-SMALL *and* ZEKE J. MILLER/CLEVELAND

PENCE: KENA BETANCUR—GETTY IMAGES; OBAMA, RYAN, CHRISTIE: AP; TRUMP, GIULIANI, BAIO: GETTY IMAGES; CARSON: EPA; SABATO JR: REUTERS; ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN GEE FOR TIME

Two spouses, same words

MELANIA TRUMP'S OPENING-NIGHT CONVENTION SPEECH earned high praise in the hall. But key passages were lifted word for word from a 2008 speech by First Lady Michelle Obama, an act of plagiarism by one of her speechwriters that exposed the Trump campaign's lack of internal checks.

OBAMA

'Barack and I were raised with so many of the same values: that you work hard for what you want in life; that your word is your bond and you do what you say you're going to do; that you treat people with dignity and respect.'

TRUMP

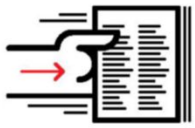
'From a young age, my parents impressed on me the values that you work hard for what you want in life, that your word is your bond and you do what you say and keep your promise, that you treat people with respect.'

How the 'Never Trump' rebellion flamed out

Foes of Donald Trump plotted for months to free delegates at the Republican National Convention to vote their conscience. The outcome was uncertain until the final moments.

THE CHAIR RULES

Arkansas Representative Steve Womack, the presiding chair, called a voice vote on rules that would honor the primary results. After outbursts of screams for both yeas and nays, he ruled that the yeas prevailed.

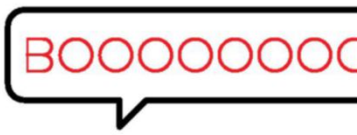


THE REVOLT

The rebels sought to hold a roll-call vote to overrule the chair. Under Rule 39, they could force a new vote with signatures from a majority of seven delegations. They claimed to have signatures from 10 states and D.C.

THE COUNTER-REVOLT

Republican leaders and the Trump campaign staff fanned out on the convention floor, got ahold of the petitions and pressured enough delegates in four of those delegations to take their names off the petitions, thus denying the petitioners majorities.



THE FAILURE

After vacating the stage to jeers, Womack returned to announce that three states no longer had the signatures needed to force a roll call (one had never had enough to begin with). Boos filled the hall. But the brief rebellion had been put down.

Fireworks from the floor in Cleveland

PAUL RYAN

"We Republicans have made our choice. Have we had our arguments this year? Sure we have. You know what I call those? Signs of life."

BEN CARSON

"One of the things that I have learned about Hillary Clinton is that one of her heroes, her mentors, was Saul Alinsky … He wrote a book called *Rules for Radicals*. On the dedication page, it acknowledges Lucifer."

RUDY GIULIANI

"What happened to 'There is no black America, there is no white America, there is just America'? What happened to it?"

SCOTT BAIO

"So of course, let's make America great again. But let's make America America again."

CHRIS CHRISTIE

"Let's face the facts: Hillary Clinton cared more about protecting her own secrets than she did about protecting America's secrets."

ANTONIO SABATO JR.

"I don't believe the guy is a Christian … Obama, I mean, that's not a Christian."

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Paul Fredrick

The View

'WE CAN'T FIGHT THE MACHINES.' —PAGE 23

On July 17, police responded to the fatal shooting of three officers in Baton Rouge

REUTERS

HEALTH

The psychic toll of nonstop tragedies

By Karl Vick

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO with all this? Every second day seems to bring some fresh outrage, "happening now" on cable news and pinging onto our phones before we've had a chance to digest the last horror. An informed citizenry begins to feel like Lucille Ball at that assembly line that keeps picking up speed, except nobody's laughing: in the space of 12 days, Baton Rouge, Falcon Heights, Dallas, Nice, Turkey, then Baton Rouge again.

And still visible in the rearview mirror is Orlando, receding with its ambiguity intact, yet somehow no longer confusing. A few weeks, plus a well of feeling, made it possible to comprehend that a mass shooter, a homophobe and a terrorist can exist in the same person, no matter what he calls himself. The insight arrived courtesy of time and information, which together can make sense out of seeming senselessness. But we need both.

Is the world getting worse? Not by any objective measure. In the 1990s, violent crime was twice what it is today, murders in U.S. cities three times higher. But that's easy to miss in the age of smartphones and social media, which now serve as news outlets, crowdsourced but leaving you alone to sort things out. A news feed is a wire-service ticker, only without the comforting chunka-chunka that opened *CBS Evening News With Walter Cronkite,* a rhythm regular as a heartbeat, punching out a screenful of datelines that together announced, "We're on top of it." The broadcast showed film days after events,

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BACHMAN

shuttled to New York City on regularly scheduled flights. But back then, no one expected to know everything all at once.

Those weren't really the good old days, but the contrast is useful when two-thirds of Facebook users get news from the site, posted by friends with a tremulous comment wondering what the event might foretell. Wondering is human. It's worry that can hollow you out. Robert Sapolsky, the Stanford biologist and neurologist who wrote *Why Zebras Don't Get Ulcers,* calls uncertainty a major driver of stress, and stress a great degrader of physical health in modern life. "If for psychological reasons you decide every single day is an emergency," he says, "you're going to pay a price in the long run."

Many days have felt like emergencies lately, especially in Baton Rouge, where not long after the July 5 shooting death of Alton Sterling by police, Gavin Long arrived. The African-American vet had physically followed the headlines from his Kansas City, Mo., home to Dallas, where five white police officers were killed while monitoring a protest, to Baton Rouge, where Long himself killed three officers, one of them black. "Bloodshed," he argued in a YouTube video, is the only way to end racial oppression. "That's what Nat Turner did. That's what Malcolm did."

That message was the most coherent in the hodgepodge of posts, podcasts and writings the shooter left behind. And it's surely the one taken most seriously by African Americans openly asking the same question about tactics, after two years of overwhelmingly peaceful protests and lobbying under the Black Lives Matter rubric. "You gotta fight back," the shooter declared, days before shouldering an assault rifle and changing the terms of the national debate. Republican Donald Trump now calls himself "the law-and-order candidate."

In the other posts, Long comes off as what he seems to have been in real life—an ardent crank trying to change his name to Cosmo Ausar Setepenra, peddling his books in a Dallas barbershop and in Baton Rouge lecturing passersby on the street. It's possible, even tempting, to take it all as evidence of "madness" and close the file. But studies show the mentally ill commit just 4% of crimes in the U.S.

The reality, inevitably, is more complex, not least because we live more and more of our lives online, where rants go unchecked partly because what passes for "social" interaction is, in fact, something less. That's worth keeping in mind, because in his research with zebras, monkeys and, finally, humans, Stanford's Sapolsky concludes that amid the tumult of threats real and perceived, by far the most reliable reliever of stress turns out to be the physical company of friends. ◻

DIGITS

POKÉMON GO

The mobile game, which enables users to catch virtual monsters in the real world, has become a blockbuster. Here, some figures that quantify its impact:

33 MIN. 25 SEC.
Average daily time iOS users spend playing the game—higher than for Facebook, Snapchat, Twitter or Instagram

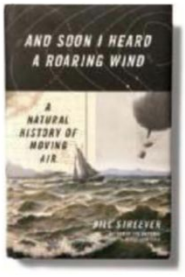
$42 BILLION
Nintendo's market value, which has more than doubled since the game's July 6 release

98%
Percentage of millennials who can correctly identify Pokémon character Pikachu *(above),* vs. 61% who can identify Vice President Joe Biden

BOOK IN BRIEF

The power of wind

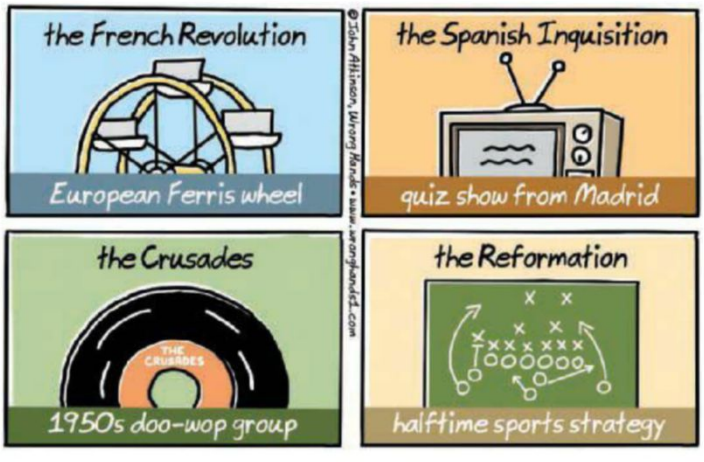
FEW THINGS IN LIFE ARE MORE ubiquitous than wind. And yet, despite eons of experience, humans still can't predict how it will behave. That's a problem not only for scientists but for the global economy, Bill Streever argues in his new book, *And Soon I Heard a Roaring Wind: A Natural History of Moving Air.* Better long-term weather forecasting, he writes, could help optimize everything from planting crops to booking flights; it could also add as much as $30 billion to the economy each year in increased productivity (per estimates from the World Bank) and save some $2 billion in damages from storms. To be sure, humans have long been able to reap some benefits from wind, using it to power ancient sailboats and preindustrial windmills—and now turbines, Streever writes, that provide "enough electricity for 18 million American homes and jobs for 70,000 people." But we've got a ways to go if we want to truly harness what Abraham Lincoln once called "an untamed … force."



—SARAH BEGLEY

CHARTOON

Dubiously defined history



JOHN ATKINSON, WRONG HANDS

BIG IDEA

A storm-proof park

How do you create a fun, safe coastal park for a city facing rising sea levels and the growing threat of superstorms? Look no further than the Hills, which opened July 19 on New York City's Governors Island and was planned by Dutch architect Adriaan Geuze to be a model of resilient design. Among its defenses: up to 16 feet of elevation, salt spray–proof vegetation, a rocky western border that absorbs crashing waves, a white seat-edge along paths that stems flooding and the titular hills, which rise up to 70 feet and inhibit the force of epic winds. *—Julia Zorthian*

ECONOMICS

What to do about jobs that are never coming back

MOST PEOPLE WHO PROCLAIM UNIONS DEAD are business types. Andy Stern, former head of the Service Employees International Union, is the rare labor organizer who says the same thing. His new book, *Raising the Floor: How a Universal Basic Income Can Renew Our Economy and Rebuild the American Dream,* is in many ways a downer. After losing faith in the ability of unions, which represent only 11% of American workers today, to effect economic change, Stern set out to study the impact of globalization and technology. His conclusion: we can't fight the machines.

Stern tells a persuasive story about a rapidly emerging economic order in which automation and ever smarter artificial intelligence will make even cheap foreign labor obsolete and give rise to a society that will be highly productive—except at creating new jobs. Today's persistently stagnant wages and rageful political populism are early signs of the trouble this could generate.

Stern's solution is to give Americans a universal basic income (UBI), a form of social security in which all citizens regularly receive an unconditional sum of money from the government. He says it is the only way to provide "a dignified way to transition people" to the future economy, and that it could help jobless millennials cope with lackluster prospects and spend more time on creative leisure activities. The idea of UBI stretches back to the 18th century. While the Swiss recently voted down a proposal to implement it, Canada and Finland are experimenting and the idea is gaining traction in U.S. policy circles. —RANA FOROOHAR

DATA

POLITICAL FOODS

With help from online food-delivery service Grubhub, TIME analyzed the ordering habits of 187 congressional districts. Here, the dishes that correlated most strongly with area voting preferences:

REPUBLICAN DISTRICTS

1. Sweet-and-sour chicken
2. Cannolis
3. Brownies
4. Egg rolls
5. Boneless wings

DEMOCRATIC DISTRICTS

1. Massaman curry
2. Veggie burgers
3. Summer rolls
4. Guacamole
5. Pancakes

EQUALLY POPULAR IN REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC DISTRICTS

1. Spicy-salmon rolls
2. Bacon cheeseburgers
3. Shrimp and broccoli
4. Spicy-tuna rolls
5. Lemon chicken

—Chris Wilson

DIGITS: COURTESY NINTENDO; BIG IDEA: TIM SHENCK; DATA: GETTY IMAGES (3)

Religious or not, terrorists inspired by ISIS raise the group's profile and power

By William McCants

THE PATTERN IS TRAGICALLY FAMILIAR: A TROUBLED person with a criminal past attacks in the name of ISIS. San Bernardino, Calif.; Orlando; and perhaps now Nice, France. They are not ISIS, exactly, but ISIS-*ish*—men and women who have no organizational ties to ISIS yet murder in its name.

What are we to make of irreligious criminals or social misfits who suddenly take up the ISIS banner and pledge themselves to the religious crusade of its so-called caliph? The phenomenon is widespread in Europe, as any security professional there will tell you. Some will go so far as to say that the profile fits the majority of ISIS supporters in the West.

Some latecomers to the cause believe their violence is redemptive—a way to atone for their past sins and preserve their religious community. Fighting in defense of one's religious community is lauded in Islamic scripture as a meritorious deed and a shortcut to paradise. Most Muslims would sharply disagree with ISIS that its terrorist attacks or its cause qualify as a defense of Islam. But some youth are persuaded by ISIS's interpretation of scripture and by the specter of Muslim suffering to strike a blow against their fellow citizens for the sake of their community and their own salvation. The murderous penitent believes he has circumvented the long road of pious struggle also required by scripture.

For some young people, these lofty if misplaced motives are mixed with the personal and profane. Those who hate their co-workers or despise homosexuals because of their own insecurities can cloak their acts in the bloody mantle of the caliph's authority. In this scenario, we would have to suppose these men and women are cynics who want to go out with the loudest bang but don't really believe in the cause. Perhaps this is the case for some. But if you ask scholars who study spree killers, they will tell you it is difficult to disentangle ideological convictions from unconscious or personal motives.

IT'S AN IMMATERIAL DISTINCTION for the caliph. So long as he believes they answered his call for reprisals against the countries fighting to destroy his kingdom, he is only too happy to applaud his rabid fans from afar regardless of their motives. He likely hopes the attacks will persuade countries to abandon the coalition arrayed against him or provoke them into an unwise course of action that plays into his hands.

The attacks also help the caliph recruit. He adduces them as proof to his critics in the global jihadist community that only he can inspire such devotion. He cheers them so citizens will fear that every Muslim is a lone wolf in docile sheep's clothing. When the fear and suspicion lead to legal measures that single out Muslims, such as veil bans, the caliph's recruiting pitch finds more receptive ears. It is a vicious cycle that assures we will see more ISIS-ish attackers for years to come.

McCants, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, is the author of The ISIS Apocalypse

JIHAD CONNECTIONS

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.
DEC. 2, 2015

The FBI has said that assailants Syed Farook and Tashfeen Malik, a married couple, were "homegrown" extremists radicalized in the years before the attack but likely not by ISIS directly. The pair pledged allegiance to ISIS on Facebook the day of the massacre.

ORLANDO
JUNE 12, 2016

Investigators have so far said there is no direct connection between ISIS and shooter Omar Mateen, who killed 49 people at the gay nightclub Pulse. During his attack, Mateen called 911 to pledge his allegiance to ISIS.

NICE, FRANCE
JULY 14, 2016

French police believe the perpetrator, Tunisian-born Mohamed Lahouaiej Bouhlel, was radicalized just weeks before the attack; acquaintances say he was violent and drank heavily and did not observe Ramadan or other religious rites.

SAN BERNARDINO: SEAN M. HAFFEY—GETTY IMAGES; ORLANDO: PHELAN M. EBENHACK—AP; NICE: ANDREAS GEBERT—AP

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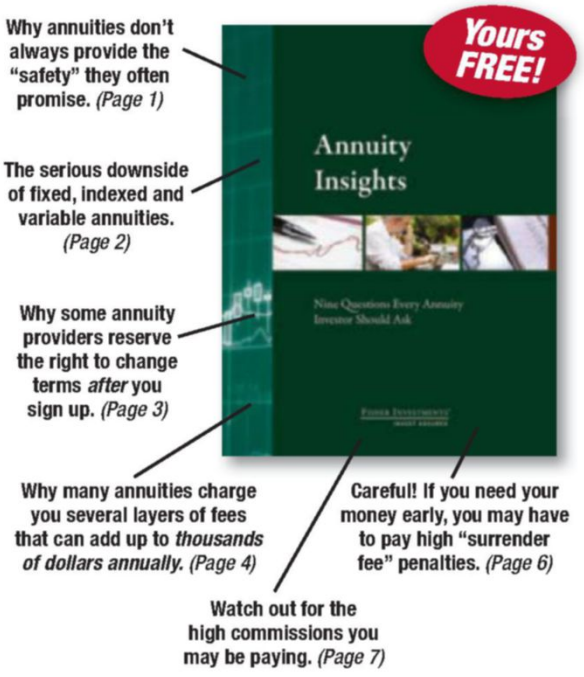

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**As of 12/31/2015.

An unhinged Republican Convention and the nation's greatest test

By Joe Klein

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OPENED WITH A DISTRAUGHT mother, tears in her eyes, saying something palpably outrageous: "I blame Hillary Clinton. I blame Hillary Clinton personally for the death of my son—personally." The woman was Patricia Smith, the mother of the American hero Sean Smith, who was killed during the attack on the temporary U.S. consulate (and CIA station) in Benghazi. Grief can do terrible things to the mind and soul. I can't imagine why Smith has fixed on Clinton, who was an extremely peripheral figure in the failure to secure the Benghazi station: matters of consular security never reach her level of seniority—and, more to the point, the significant operation in Benghazi was run by the CIA, which should have been responsible for the security. David Petraeus was director of Central Intelligence at that point, and no one blames him for the ambush, nor should they. But Clinton has Republicans frothing, despite a raft of investigations that showed no culpability on her part. And yet the Republican Party, to its everlasting shame, decided to exploit a slander promulgated by a distraught mother as one of the opening salvos in its convention.

This is nothing new. It has been going on since Clinton first appeared on the scene, caricatured as the personification of 1960s radical feminism, a pretentious First Lady who thought she was empowered to reform America's health care system. Her very existence drove a certain brand of Republican crazy—and 25 years later, the way we view Clinton, even those who try to view her rationally, has been tainted by the unprecedented onslaught.

YOU CAN'T BLAME Donald Trump for this. In fact, the Caesar of solipsism tramped on the Patricia Smith spectacle by calling in to the risible Bill O'Reilly—who was busy trying to gin up a race war by blaming Black Lives Matter for the police shootings—while Smith was speaking. Indeed, back in the days when Trump was inviting the Clintons to his wedding, Republican sympathizers were spreading similar trash, like the rumor that "the Clintons" had murdered Vince Foster, a close friend who committed suicide. There were other unspeakable rumors, a steady flow, a crushing burden over the years, that have had an undeniable impact on Clinton—creating a wariness bordering on paranoia, resulting in a stilted public slipperiness on matters like her email server.

The fervor of this assault has always amazed me. It poisoned the grassroots of the Republican Party, made possible the disgraceful birther campaign against Barack Obama, made possible Trump's candidacy. It has transformed Republicans into the party of hate, rather than of conservatism. It has caused politicians like Rudy Giuliani, an excellent former mayor of New York City, to seem deranged in public, as he did on the first night of the Republican Convention when, eyes bulging, he said Clinton's "dereliction of duty and failure to keep her people safe played a major role in the horrific Islamic terrorist murders … in Benghazi … including her lying directly to the families of those who were killed." This is arrant nonsense: Clinton may have told some of the families—others say she didn't—that the Benghazi attack was part of the massive riots across the region that night in response to an anti-Islamic video. At the very least, the video obscured a planned attack on the CIA annex.

I'M NOT SURE I know how to write about this election anymore without seeming imprudent. I came into this year believing that our government was desperately in need of conservative reform and restraint. I came to those views watching the corroded incompetence of the Department of Veterans Affairs and also in the belief that Democrats had been too unwilling to look at and think clearly about the failures of the welfare state. I had some problems with Hillary Clinton too—from her support for the invasion of Libya to her foolish personal behavior, accepting big-money speeches from Goldman Sachs because, she said, she "wasn't sure" she was going to run for President. But I would never question her essential decency; indeed, she is one of the most thoughtful politicians I know. And the Democratic Party, for all its politically correct smugness and silliness, has never surrendered its soul to the extremists lurking on its left. The Republican Party, by contrast, has become a national embarrassment. Donald Trump is a national embarrassment. This election will be the greatest test, in my lifetime, of the wisdom of our people and the strength of the democratic project. □

CONFUSION IN CLEVELAND

Melania Trump got high marks for her personal remarks on day one—until it became clear that her speech bore striking similarities to the one Michelle Obama gave in 2008.

Protests on the streets were peaceful, but inside the arena, anti-Trump delegates tried to force a roll-call vote on the rules guiding the convention, upending the campaign's efforts to present a show of unity.

GETTY IMAGES (2)

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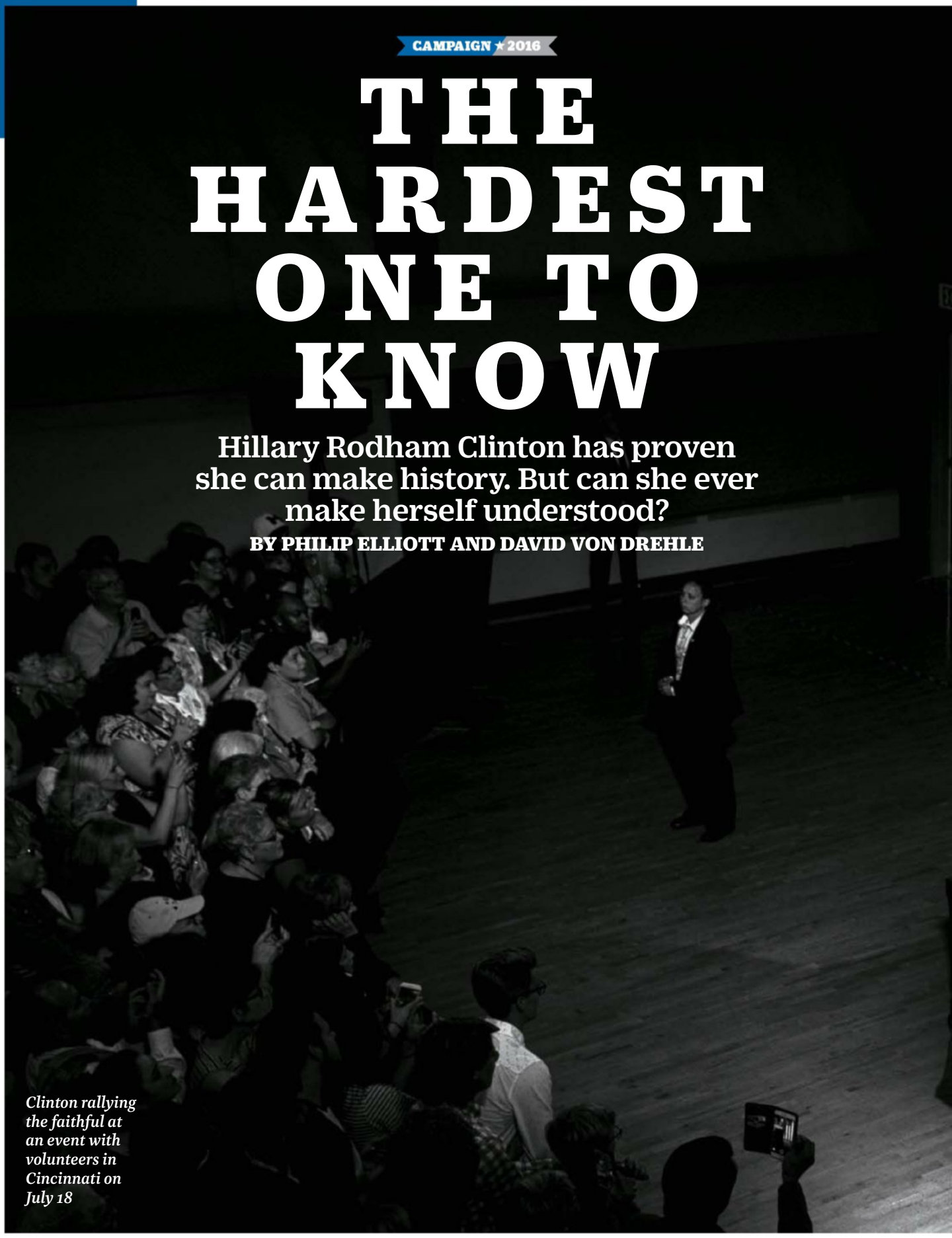
THE HARDEST ONE TO KNOW

Hillary Rodham Clinton has proven she can make history. But can she ever make herself understood?

BY PHILIP ELLIOTT AND DAVID VON DREHLE



Clinton rallying the faithful at an event with volunteers in Cincinnati on July 18

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—VII FOR TIME

Students for H
Students for H
StudeNTS 4 Hillary
STRONGER TOGETHER

The primaries were finally over, the general election loomed, and as Hillary Clinton stood in June to address a friendly audience at a Chicago luncheon, she faced a profoundly unfinished item of business. With history in her pocket and the polls tilting in her favor, the former Secretary of State and First Lady finally named the problem that has dogged her for decades. "A lot of people tell pollsters they don't trust me," Clinton told her audience, in a voice that, minus the microphone, would have evaporated. "I don't like hearing that, and I've thought a lot about what's behind it.

"You can't just talk someone into trusting you. You've got to earn it," Clinton continued, to a smattering of applause that was tentative and awkward, like the moment.

It's hard to trust someone you don't know, and few people should be better known by now than Hillary Rodham Clinton. For years, her every utterance, gesture and hairstyle has been scrutinized, yet she is still something of a mystery to voters.

Millions of Americans still don't know what to make of this trailblazing, catalyzing, polarizing woman—a fact that her friends chalk up to her bone-deep feminism. Growing up in the vanguard of the women's-rights movement, Clinton asked NASA how to become an astronaut, only to encounter a no-girls policy. When a professor at Harvard Law School said his august school needed no more women, she made herself a superstar at Yale. She kept her maiden name after marriage, in a time and place where that wasn't done. She outearned her husband for much of her career. And she scoffed at the notion that she could ever be a cookie-baking, stand-by-your-man kind of woman.

The feminist revolution promised that such freedoms would empower women to forge their own strong identities, but for Clinton the promise remains unfulfilled. Her identity is protean, shape-shifting, no less mysterious today than it was more than 40 years ago, when she entered the national spotlight. Her favorability ratings rise and fall, peaking when she is serving the country and sinking when she is on the campaign trail. No speech, no memoir, no interview or barrage of ads has brought her essence fully into focus. Her foes artfully define her even as she struggles to define and redefine herself.

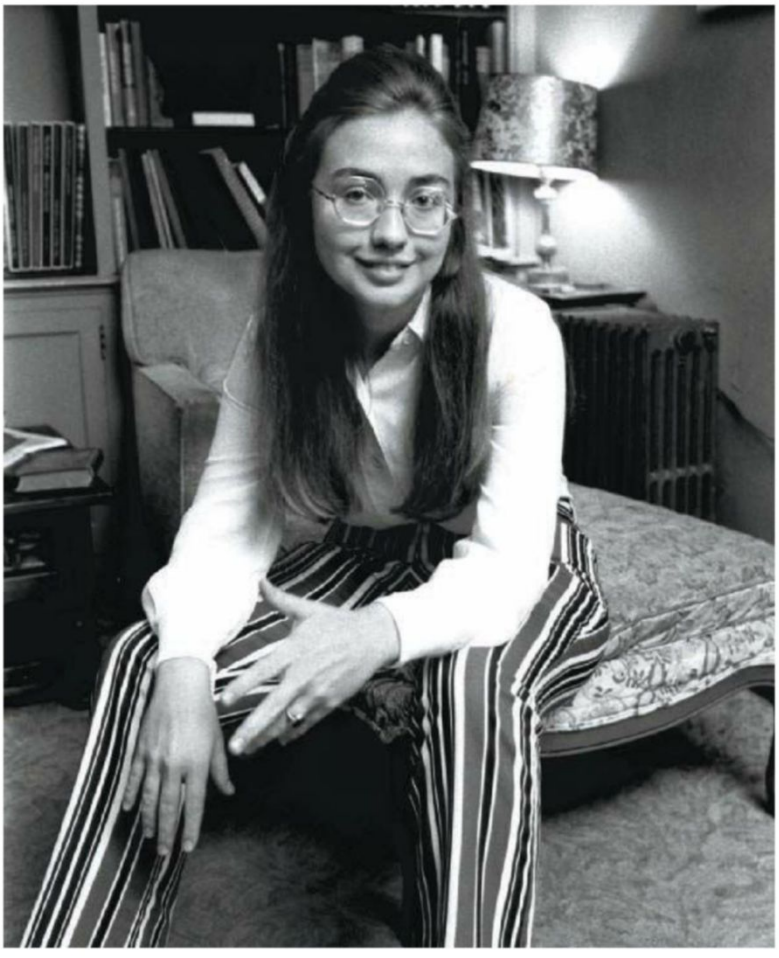
Former chief of staff Melanne Verveer recalls a limo ride with the then First Lady some two decades ago. Clinton slumped into the leather seat and thumbed through a sheaf of papers. This daily task gave her no pleasure, paging through one unsatisfying, unflattering analysis after another of a particular global figure who seemed impossible to describe. "I wouldn't like this person either," she remarked wearily. "This person" was, of course, herself.

Clinton's identity could be a collection of nesting dolls, those nearly identical figures that fit neatly one inside the next. Her task between now and November is to make those faces add up to one integral, compelling, believable figure

Things haven't changed much as she has moved from the White House to the Senate to the Cabinet and now to the final phase of her second presidential bid. Armchair psychologists still muse about her motives, and critics still comment on her character. "Hillary for prison" is a tuning note for the Republican-convention chorus. From her vantage, her career looks straightforward enough: a life of pragmatic politics in service of idealistic ends, like justice and opportunity for women and children. By any objective or reasonable standard, she is someone who has matched every professional challenge placed before her, from the courtrooms of Little Rock, Ark., to the brutish back rooms of high-stakes diplomacy. But from the outside looking in, the pieces don't easily fit. The champion of working moms who hobnobs with Wall Street bankers. The "dead broke" (her words) public servant who buys mansions in Washington and New York. The hyperqualified executive who proves "extremely careless" (the FBI director's words) with her unapproved email system. The feminist paragon who defends a philandering husband.

Clinton's opponent through an unexpectedly bruising primary, Senator Bernie Sanders, made the most of her amorphous identity. He's the opposite, a figure of almost cartoon clarity. Clinton is not what she claims to be, Sanders charged. She claims to be on the side of underdogs, but she runs with big dogs. She says she will protect jobs, but she championed free trade. She extols the pragmatism that gets things done, but how is that different from cronyism and corruption?

Hillary Rodham Clinton is, in the words of one adviser, the most famous woman no one truly knows. And if distortions wrought by white-hot fame are partly to blame, she, too, is at fault. She has never made it easy to know her. She maintains a tiny circle of trust inside a fortress of supreme caution. Her brother-in-law Roger Clinton noticed this not long after Hillary Rodham joined the Clinton clan. "It was fried chicken and mashed potatoes," he once said of his Southern family, "vs. a concrete wall."



LEE BALTERMAN—THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES

After giving a celebrated graduation speech at Wellesley, Clinton was featured in the June 20, 1969, issue of LIFE as part of a feature on the class of '69

To Verveer, Clinton's trouble is simply the human condition as magnified by the relentless lens of public scrutiny; we all contain multitudes. "At any given time, if you take a snapshot of her, it may not look like the previous snapshot. But in truth, we are all more complex than we may appear on our face," Clinton's longtime aide and confidante explained. "Depending on how you look, you see one thing and not another."

Clinton's identity could be a collection of nesting dolls, those nearly identical figures that fit neatly one inside the next. You unpack each lacquered image in hopes of finding something new and essential inside, but there is only another version of the same face in different proportions. For Hillary Clinton, the task between now and November is to make those faces add up to one integral, compelling, believable figure.

CRUSADER

Picture Hillary Diane Rodham at 21, marching around Lake Waban in the Boston suburbs to 735 Washington Street, the home of Wellesley College president Ruth Adams. Rodham is a familiar visitor. She has lobbied the venerable women's college on everything from admitting more black students and adding black studies to the curriculum, to grading some courses pass-fail and ditching the skirt-required dress code in the dining hall.

Now it is spring of her senior year; Rodham is the student-government president, and her classmates want a student speaker as part of the commencement ceremony. Coming at the end of the tumultuous and often violent '60s, the request seems modest enough. "What is the real objection?" the young activist pushes. "It's never been done," Adams protests weakly.

This is how Rodham arrived at her first burst of national attention: as a representative crusader in a generation of change seekers. When the Wellesley president backed down, she was given a platform for her speech. And stepping to the microphone on graduation day, she felt compelled to offer an impromptu critique of the milquetoast address delivered by Senator Edward Brooke, the featured orator.

This decision to take on a Senator was a measure of the distance her restless mind and political passions had taken her in a few years. A devout churchgoer and eager Republican—she volunteered as a "Goldwater girl" in high school—Rodham was now scorching the status quo. Her conservative father had done little to seed such confidence. "You must go to a pretty easy school," Hugh Rodham grunted when shown her perfect grades. It was at Wellesley where she caught fire.

Her speech became one of the most celebrated of that graduation season. "We are, all of us, exploring a world that none of us even understands, and attempting to create within that uncertainty," Clinton said in a clipped accent few would recognize today. "And so our questions—our questions about our institutions, about our colleges, about our churches, about our government—continue." The applause when she finished reportedly lasted for seven minutes.

LIFE magazine noted her triumph. Photographed in striped pants and thick glasses, Rodham appeared with a headline borrowed from her speech: PROTEST IS AN ATTEMPT TO FORGE AN IDENTITY.

And yet: her soul mates of today, the young activists on campuses across the country, shunned her by the millions in favor of Bernie's bugle call. In their protests against her campaign machine, they forged their own identities—and she somehow became another institution in need of questioning.

"When I go back and read it today, I have to admit it wasn't the world's most coherent address," Clinton has said. What seemed so vivid in 1969 looks to her now like a study in grays. The flaws in her speech reflected a tension within Rodham herself, for she had a mixed view of social protest. She cared less about purity of intentions than about actual results. Student strikes, for example, seemed pointless to her without something to show for them. As she once

mused to a friend, she had a liberal's heart and a conservative's head.

In any event, "the accolades and attacks turned out to be a preview of things to come," Clinton wrote years later in her memoirs. "I have never been as good as or as bad as my fervid supporters and opponents claimed."

PARTNER

After Wellesley and Yale Law School, Hillary Rodham distinguished herself as a young attorney on the team that prepared the impeachment of President Richard Nixon. What happened next shocked many of her friends and admirers. Instead of making her way up through the ranks of Washington, she moved to Arkansas to follow her law-school boyfriend, Bill Clinton, and soon entered the fraught role of wife, placing herself in the outsize shadow of the most talented, magnetic and undisciplined politician of the baby-boom generation.

Most marriages are opaque. The seemingly tranquil and loving union can suddenly collapse, while next door an apparently ill-matched pair sails onward through year after stormy year. Hillary Rodham's marriage quickly became unusually complicated—and therefore hard to read—because it was only one aspect of a larger partnership embarked on a supremely ambitious undertaking. As she alerted a friend in 1974, "Bill Clinton is going to be President of the United States someday."

Clinton cared less about purity of intentions than about actual results. As she once mused to a friend, she had a liberal's heart and a conservative's head

When her identity as an individual has clashed with the demands of the partnership, the union has come first. Arkansas voters were put off by this high-powered young woman who dressed like a hippie, loved policy and spoke with a flat Midwestern accent. In 1980, after a single term, they converted Bill from the youngest governor in America into the youngest ex-governor, and many observers assigned a large share of the blame to his wife. What manner of First Lady didn't even share her husband's surname, and why call herself Ms. when she ought to be Mrs.?

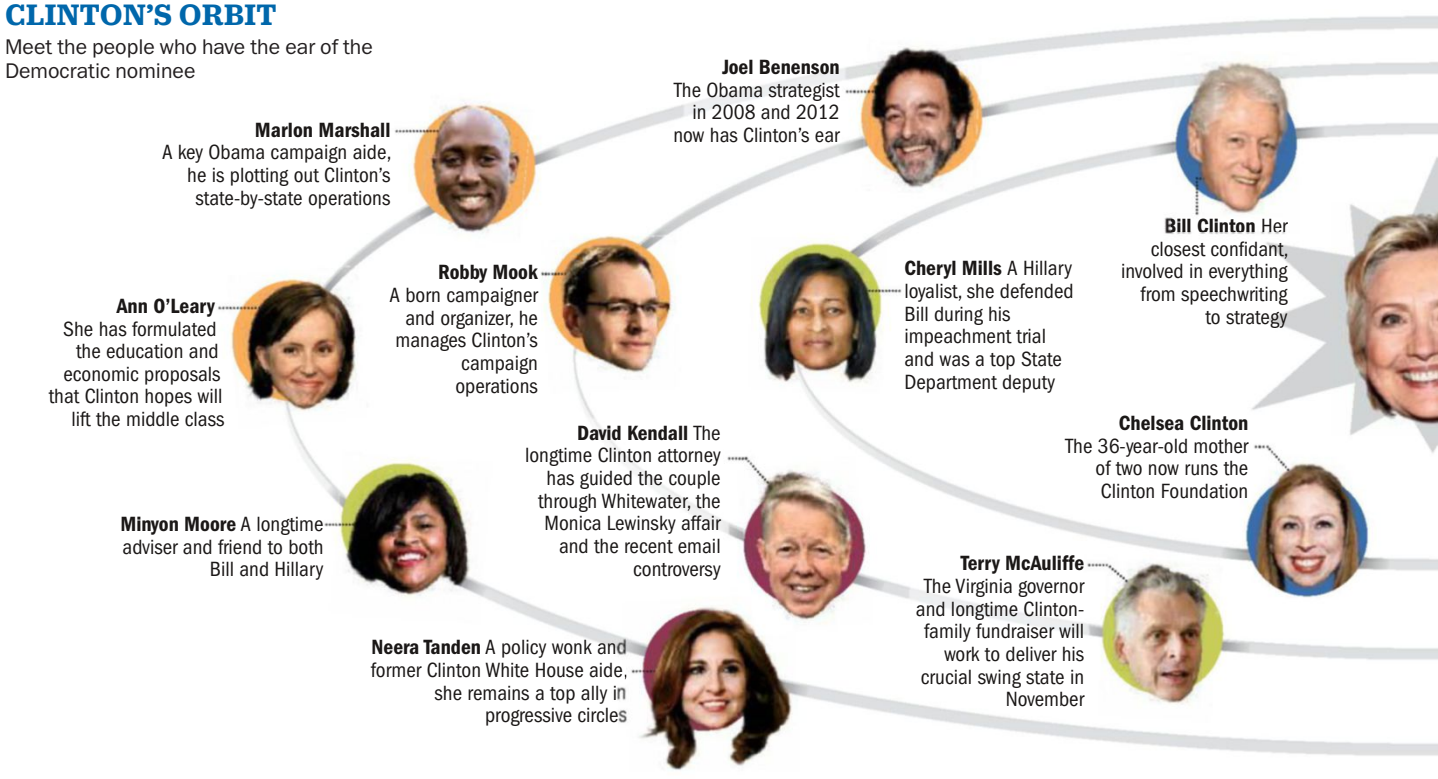
So Hillary Rodham added *Clinton* to her handle, lightened her hair and ditched her glasses in favor of contacts. *G*'s began fallin' from the ends of her words. Sunday mornings found the lifelong Methodist in her husband's pew at a Southern Baptist church.

This was no casual makeover, but it worked. Bill Clinton was re-elected after two years in the public's doghouse. Husband and wife returned to the governor's mansion with a toddler in tow. Chelsea delighted her mother even as she further complicated the question of identity, because it was more urgent than before that Hillary assume the role of chief breadwinner. The governor of Arkansas was paid only a modest salary.

Many doors were opened to the governor's wife, and given Clinton's talents and education, she made the most of the opportunities. Hillary Rodham Clinton reported a 1992 income of $203,172 compared with her husband's take-home pay of $34,527. She

CLINTON'S ORBIT

Meet the people who have the ear of the Democratic nominee



became a partner at Little Rock's leading law firm and held plum seats on the boards of Walmart, the frozen-yogurt chain TCBY and the French industrial giant Lafarge. A foray into commodities trading guided by a family friend yielded a tidy 10,000% return. "The '80s were about acquiring wealth, power, prestige," Clinton reflected in 1993. "I know. I acquired more wealth, power and prestige than most. But you can acquire all you want and still feel empty."

She filled the chasm with still more roles. She was her husband's top adviser in private and his best character witness in public. When Bill Clinton won the White House in 1992, it was Hillary Clinton who carried her husband's speech in the pocket of her blue suit as they arrived onstage outside the Old State House in Little Rock. She helped the President-elect choose his top aides and his Cabinet. She was the first First Lady to have an office in the West Wing. "She knows more about a lot of this stuff than most of us do," Bill Clinton told the *Wall Street Journal*.

WARRIOR

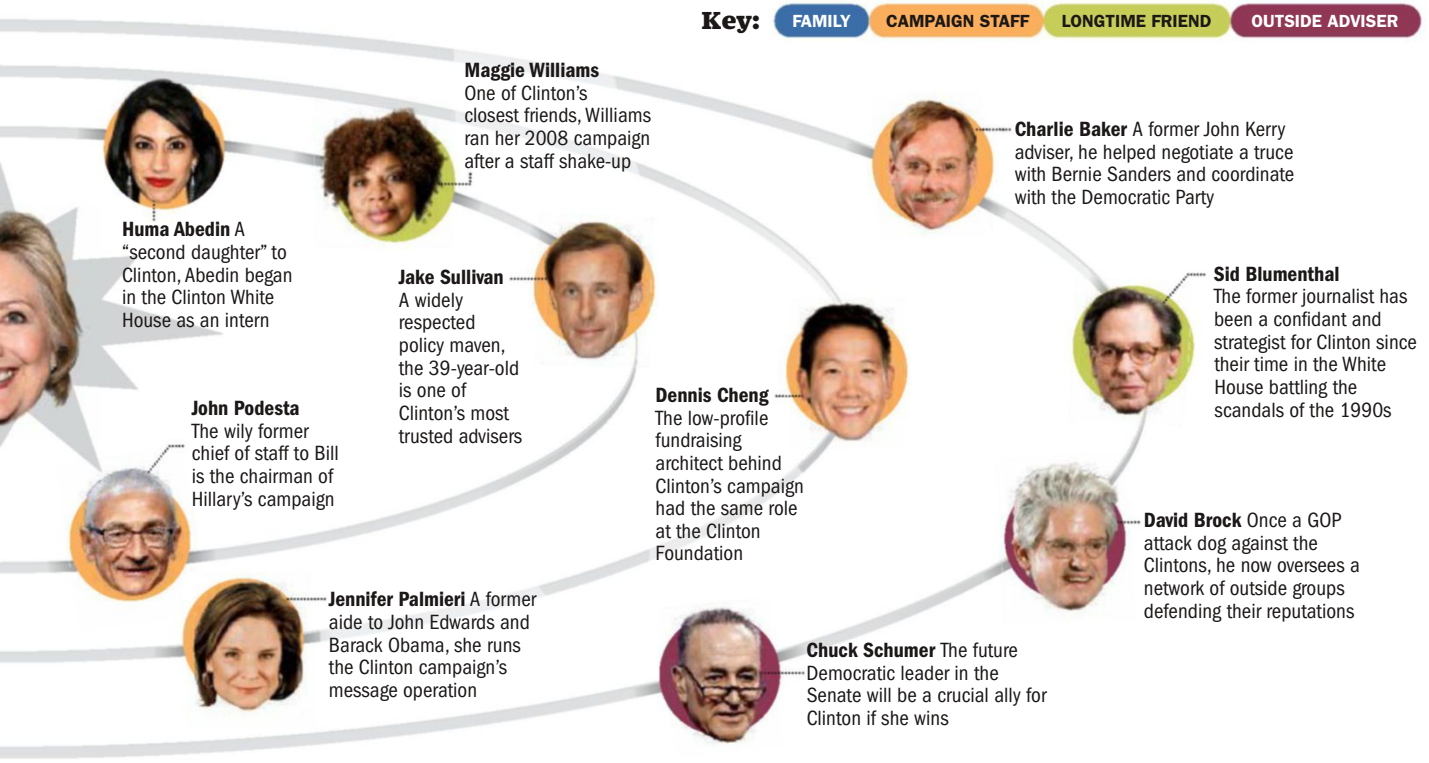
With her assignment to lead the Administration's ambitious health-care-reform effort, Hillary Clinton upended the traditional role of First Lady. She had spearheaded projects for the partnership before, but never on such a scale. She shaped policy, plotted tactics, lobbied lawmakers and pitched the public as Cabinet members and presidential aides jumped to her command. But the project ended in defeat, helping to fuel the first Republican takeover of Congress in some 40 years. Her failure was so bitter that Hillary Clinton mused in 1996 that someone in her position might "totally withdraw and perhaps put a bag over [her] head."

Her high-profile assignment to lead the Administration's health-care-reform effort upended the traditional role of First Lady. But the project ended in defeat, helping to fuel the first Republican takeover of Congress in some 40 years

Instead, she chose to fight. Dorothy Rodham, Hillary's mother, loved to tell about a day in the 1950s when her daughter thrashed the neighborhood bully. But most Americans did not see the fighting side of Hillary until she was embattled in the White House. When they did, this aspect of her identity reshaped what they felt about her—whether they liked or hated what they saw.

The first gauntlet landed at the site of her own initial triumph. She was paying a courtesy call on the president of Wellesley when she received a call from her attorney. She had been subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury about a long-ago land deal in Arkansas. It was, Clinton believed, a purely political and mean-spirited investigation.

She prepared so intensely that she lost 10 pounds. When the morning of her testimony arrived, she chose to walk through the front door of the federal courthouse rather than direct her motorcade into the underground garage. Smiling and waving at the crowd that had gathered to see history—the first presidential spouse to testify in such a forum—Clinton was pure sangfroid. "Cheerio! Off to the firing squad,"



GETTY IMAGES (12); BROCK, KENDALL, MILLS, SULLIVAN; AP; MOORE; REDUX; CHENG, MARSHALL, PALMIERI; COURTESY HILLARY FOR AMERICA; BAKER; COURTESY DEWEY SQUARE GROUP; WILLIAMS; COURTESY HARVARD

LEFT: COURTESY WILLIAM J. CLINTON PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY; ABOVE RIGHT: BROOKS KRAFT—CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES; BELOW RIGHT: MANUEL BALCE CENETA—AP

she said as she left her lawyers and entered the sealed grand jury room.

Afterward, a reporter asked if the First Lady would have preferred to be anywhere else that day. "Oh, about a million other places," she said drily—but something about Clinton must love the trenches, because she fights so doggedly in them. "I never saw her go into a meeting or a speech or even informal remarks less than fully prepared," said Bill Galston, a policy adviser in the Clinton Administration. "She has a lot of faith in the capacity of hard work and evidence to win people over."

On another occasion, when even the White House staff seemed to doubt her innocence of some charge or other, tears welled in her eyes as she said, "I don't want to hear anything more. I want us to fight."

And there have been so many, many fights. But as so often in trench warfare, the battle ends in grim stalemate. "Whenever I go out and fight, I get vilified, so I have just learned to smile and take it," she told White House adviser George Stephanopoulos in 1995, according to his memoirs. "I go out there and say, 'Please, please, kick me again, insult me some more.' You have to be much craftier behind the scenes."

Clockwise from left: The Clinton family in 1985, when Bill Clinton was governor of Arkansas; Clinton in 1994 as First Lady; and at a press conference as a Senator from New York in 2004

Candidate Clinton was back at the witness table last autumn, when lawmakers grilled her for 11 hours over the deaths of four Americans at a diplomatic compound in Benghazi, Libya. In public and to the FBI, she has stubbornly defended every inch of crumbling clifftop beneath her feet in the controversy over her private email server. Under attack by Sanders, she refused to release transcripts of her paid speeches to Wall Street audiences, or even to concede that the speeches were a mistake.

Friends muse that the years of combat have left her unrecognizable in public: hedging, defensive, even misleading. "Sometimes, I am saddened by her understandable loss of spontaneity," the late Diane Blair reflected on this lasting change to her friend's personality. "It was one of her most endearing qualities. But in public now, she filters out her first response and sometimes her second one, and that contributes to a sense that she is aloof and haughty." Another friend of long standing put it this way: "There is a wellspring of bitterness and anger and bewilderment, a deep reservoir of hurt." Clinton's explana-

tion for her reticence: "The reason that I sometimes sound careful with my words is not that I'm hiding something. It's just that I'm careful with my words."

PRAGMATIST

Identity is not only what we intend to reveal but what is actually seen—and how this is perceived. Now, in the late phase of Clinton's long career, the face she most wants the public to see, the essential figure at the center of the nesting dolls, is the doer, the person who makes things happen, artist of the nitty-gritty when necessary, a compromiser if that's what it takes.

After her failure with health care, the First Lady embraced her husband's strategy of pragmatism. To the extent that two huge characters can lower their profiles, they did. They went to work on projects acceptable to a hostile Congress. Some continue to be a source of pride, like the children's health-insurance plan that now serves 8 million kids.

Persuaded to run for a vacant Senate seat in New York in 2000, Clinton took the same approach. Though she was a global celebrity, she put her head down and worked on parochial issues. She passed up a seat on the glamorous Senate Committee on Foreign Relations for one on the Armed Services panel, where she could wrangle the concerns of New Yorkers in uniform and build her national-security credentials.

Senator Clinton also grappled with the decidedly unsexy issue of upstate agriculture, connecting New York City's restaurant industry to the struggling operations of New York farmers. She ferried a delegation of city restaurateurs to the fields and vineyards of the Empire State, where the foodies found produce as good as any shipped from out of state. At the same time, she nudged the farmers to plant heirloom tomatoes, microgreens and other trendy crops that city diners fancied.

Noting the spicy peppers growing in the elephant enclosure of the Bronx Zoo, she asked a shipping distributor to persuade zoo officials to sell their own line of hot sauce. News that small-business owners in rural New York lacked computer resources sent her to cajole Hewlett-Packard executives into donating laptops to enable online sales of moccasins and fishing rods.

It was the same when she served as Secretary of State. Circling the globe to conduct diplomacy face-to-face, Clinton rebuilt a badly frayed U.S. image and along the way specialized in minor, tangible victories, like the clean cookstoves and microloans she put in the hands of poor people. Such achievements don't tame Putin or stabilize Libya, but as one senior aide put it, a woman in an African village who can feed her children because of a microloan cares passionately about that program. "As an advocate, she is practical about getting results," said Neera Tanden, a longtime Clinton adviser and friend. "Her real measure is, how do you accomplish something in people's lives?"

Clinton has waged many fights, some admirable, some unnecessary, against enemies real and imagined. Over time, she has built up an outer shell, an armor, that makes her difficult to comprehend

IN FOCUS

Among the many faces Clinton has slipped on and off, there was—back in the White House years—the Mystic. Critics had a short but happy romp with the news that she was channeling the spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt during sessions with a "human potential researcher." Clinton was open about such conversations, dating back to her first days as First Lady. In her own head, Clinton asked Roosevelt, "How did you put up with this?" And that much-criticized First Lady replied, "You're just going to have to get out there and do it. And don't make excuses."

In that spirit, Clinton has waged many fights, some admirable, some unnecessary, against enemies real and imagined. Over time, she has built up an outer shell, an armor, that makes her difficult to comprehend. Michael Muzyk, a New York trucking executive, tells the story of a day in 2004 when he accompanied the Senator on one of those upstate missions to promote local farmers' produce. At the state fairgrounds, Clinton received word that her husband had been hospitalized for emergency heart surgery.

"I guess you gotta go," Muzyk said immediately. But Clinton demurred. People were waiting to hear her speak. Her husband, of all people, would understand.

"You're crazy," Muzyk remembers thinking. And he watched her do her duty, as she has done for years, with admiration—and mystification.

Those closest to her have long worried that she has conditioned herself never to let others in. "I just hope people don't forget," the late Dorothy Rodham said of her daughter, "that Hillary's a human being." But voters can hardly forget what they haven't been given a chance to see.

"I personally know I have work to do on this front," she told the audience in Chicago in June.

But after all that has happened—all the misunderstandings and misdirection, all the identities pried open to reveal other identities that turn out to contain others and so on—perhaps it is too late for a revelation of the "real Hillary," the authentic champion that her friends tell us we would love, if only we could get to know her. If she opened up, which of the nesting dolls would she be? The activist, pushing for a Sanders-like agenda? The pragmatist, cutting deals with congressional Republicans over a stiff drink? The brawler, leading her band of true believers against a hostile, uncomprehending enemy?

Perhaps the bargain that she struck with herself as a young woman has made these questions as inevitable as they are unanswerable. Free to choose any life she could imagine, Hillary Rodham Clinton tasted many, discarded most and arrived in a place so unique, so vast and variegated, that simply being herself could never be enough. —*With reporting by* SAM FRIZELL/WASHINGTON

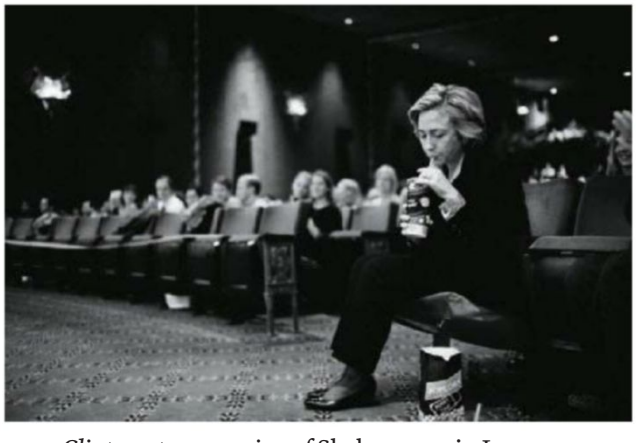
WHEN DIANA MET HILLARY

A legendary photographer's 19 years covering Clinton

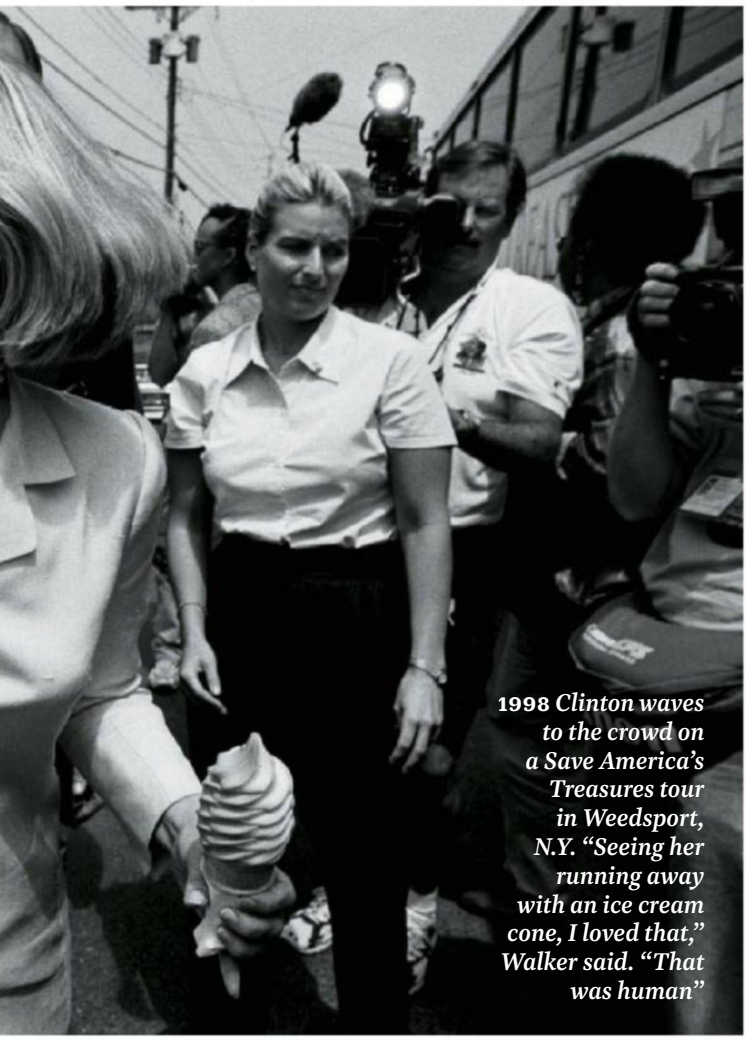
AS ONE OF TIME'S WHITE HOUSE photographers for nearly two decades, Diana Walker says her primary goal with politicians was to "show you how human they were." This was never clearer than during her time with Hillary Clinton, whom Walker captured throughout her historic transformation from First Lady to U.S. Senator to Secretary of State. True to her aim, Walker's pictures help convey the person behind the politician. Whether on the trail in New York or on a military plane bound for Libya, her images offer a rare window into a person familiar to most, yet known by few. "I was just shooting who I saw," Walker says. "And that's who I saw."

▸ *To watch a video interview with Diana Walker about images from her book* HILLARY *(2014), visit* **time.com/dianawalker**

2001 *The President and the First Lady embrace in the Oval Office. Walker asked to shoot his final week in office behind the scenes: "All of a sudden, they wanted some privacy and they turned their backs and walked close to the window"*



1998 *Clinton at a screening of* Shakespeare in Love *after visiting the Bronx Zoo. It amused Walker to see the First Lady by herself at the front of a movie theater with her popcorn, "just like any other American"*



1998 *Clinton waves to the crowd on a Save America's Treasures tour in Weedsport, N.Y. "Seeing her running away with an ice cream cone, I loved that," Walker said. "That was human"*

2000 *Clinton, with President Bill Clinton and their daughter Chelsea backstage before she formally announced her Senate candidacy. "I was always trying to get a good picture of the three of them together," Walker said, "and to me that was it"*

2008 *Clinton, during her first presidential bid, poses in Inglewood, Calif. Walker always sought out an alternative angle; she missed the front view here but thinks she got the more interesting shot*

1997 *Clinton laughs while joking with her chief of staff, Melanne Verveer. Walker, who asked to ride on the floor, considers this the first time she captured Clinton's sense of humor*

2011 *Walker was aboard a C-17 headed toward Libya with the Secretary of State when Clinton put on her sunglasses and grabbed her phone. The image went viral, inspiring the meme "Texts from Hillary"*

CONTOUR/GETTY IMAGES (7)

CAMPAIGN ★ 2016

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

Women support Hillary Clinton by large margins. But this bloc is no monolith

BY CHARLOTTE ALTER

AT TOMMY'S RESTAURANT IN CLEVELAND Heights, Ohio, where the menu ranges from egg creams to vegan tempeh burgers, there's something for every age and political persuasion. So when Carolyn Smith went there recently to celebrate her 78th birthday with dinner and milk shakes, she and her daughter and granddaughter became an instant focus group on Hillary Clinton. Is the candidate making history, and how much does it matter if she is? As you might guess from exit polls, Carolyn voted for Clinton—most older women did. Her 49-year-old daughter Cindy voted for Bernie Sanders but is "coming around." And granddaughter Josephine Sicking, 18—well, she wasn't sold at all.

"She's the most qualified person in history," protests Cindy, a hairdresser with a bright purple streak in her hair, trying to cajole her daughter. "A woman's outlook, a woman's intuition, a woman's empathy—we need some of that," says Carolyn.

But Josephine will not budge. Wearing a homemade tie-dyed T-shirt, a cigarette tucked behind her ear, she couldn't care less about Clinton's cracking the glass ceiling. She sees Sanders' defeat as evidence of a vast conspiracy against political fairness. "Even if Hillary wins, it's just the lesser of two evils," Josephine continues. "I know we could come up with a better system than what we have today."

Freeze that moment, and you will get a sense of the challenge facing Clinton over the next four months. Carolyn, Cindy and Josephine, from different generations and different life experiences, are asking themselves the same questions on the eve of Clinton's general-election fight: How important is it to see a woman elected President of the United States? And should it affect their votes?

'It could be Kermit the Frog and Donald Trump, and I'd pick Kermit the Frog.'

BRIANA GOLPHIN, server

As it happens, the Republican nominee has already made gender an issue in his own crude terms. Donald Trump has accused Clinton of playing the "woman card," said she "got schlonged" by Barack Obama in 2008 and posited that Fox News host Megyn Kelly had "blood coming out of her wherever." But after more than five dozen interviews with female voters in three Ohio cities in the muggy days leading up to the Republican National Convention in Cleveland, this much is clear: the only thing American women resent more than offensive rhetoric is the expectation of a unified reaction to it. At a moment when Clinton has gone further in American politics than any other woman in history, many women, like Josephine, find themselves saying that Clinton's gender isn't as important as they thought it would be.

Overall, Clinton is winning women voters by historic margins. A July poll from Pew Research found that 59% of female voters prefer Clinton, compared with 51% and 55% of women who backed Obama in his 2008 and 2012 campaigns. Even older white women, who favored Republicans in those two elections, support her by a 5-point margin.

But she was never going to win over women by the kind of 9-1 margin by which Obama won over black voters in 2008. There are 157 million American women, who make up more than half the U.S. population. The expectation that Clinton would get the near-universal support of such an enormous and diverse population is an example

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER MORRIS—VII FOR TIME

Carolyn Smith, 78; Cindy Smith, 49; and Josephine Sicking, 18, in front of Cindy's home in Cleveland Heights, Ohio

of the astronomical standard to which she is held. Instead, Clinton turns out to be more of a prism than an icon, projecting the kaleidoscopic aspirations and anxieties of American women. After her 25 years on the public stage, voters have had ample chance to weigh her character, policies, instincts and attitudes; at this point most have already formed an opinion of her as an individual, not a symbol.

Her gender is something of an afterthought for many women. From waitresses to judges, nurses to lawmakers, accountants to grandmothers, each voter had a different set of reasons for supporting or opposing Clinton. Gender was almost never at the top of the list.

WEIGHING THE VALUE of Clinton's gender is a delicate calibration, fraught with social taboo: if you're too excited about the idea of a female President, you're seen as politically naive; if you're not excited enough, you're insufficiently feminist. There's also a rift along generational lines: older women who have survived decades of sexism tend to be more invested in Clinton's rise, while many younger women think of Clinton's brand of feminism as narrow and outdated.

That's why the six women gathered around at a Columbus Starbucks seem to exhale as soon as they sit down. They're lawyers and marketing executives ranging in age from 30 to 60, wearing jackets and cardigans and trading colorful business cards. They all use the same word to describe what it's like to voice enthusiasm for Hillary Clinton: *exhausting.*

Like many Clinton supporters, these women say publicly backing Clinton invites a kind of scrutiny that rivals what the candidate faces herself. "[People] dismiss your choice, they minimize it, they're like, 'You're only doing it because she's a woman,'" says Renata Ramsini, 32, of the reactions she gets. "Admitting you want a woman President is brave."

"I think it's more personal," adds her friend Sarah Cherry, also a lawyer. "We're more critical of ourselves, and society is critical of other women, so of course Hillary is under more scrutiny."

That scrutiny can take harsher forms too. "It'll be an inquisition: 'How can you support her? Isn't she a liar?'" says Kristin Boggs, 37. She says the election has been so volatile that "I don't know that we've had a chance to really reflect on the magnitude of having a woman nominee."

Boggs, a Democratic state representative for Ohio's 18th district, is pregnant with her first child, a girl due in December. She occasionally smiles and rubs her belly as her friends discuss what could change under a female President. Theirs is an embattled hope, but it is hope all the same. "I'm trying to control my excitement," says Boggs. "I'm a Democrat in Ohio; we know how easy it is to lose."

'If she's got kids, she's got too tender of a heart to make things go the way they should go ... I'm a woman, I couldn't do it myself.'

BEVERLY BENNETT, homemaker

'[People] dismiss your choice, they minimize it, they're like, "You're only doing it because she's a woman" ... Admitting you want a woman President is brave.'

RENATA RAMSINI, attorney

FOR WOMEN WHO OPPOSE Hillary Clinton, any suggestion of a gender-based affinity provokes an indignation that can quickly turn to white-hot rage. To some, placing a political value on Clinton's gender is tantamount to putting a finger on the scale. Others are quick to attack any suggestion that they "should" feel a certain way about her.

The rage is often most keenly felt among Republican women, who can be more skeptical of feminist ideology in the first place and often have a baked-in loathing of the Clintons.

Which is what is clearly simmering in looks exchanged between the half-dozen Republican women who met for lunch at Bar Louie in downtown Cleveland on July 12. They knew they had been invited to talk about Clinton, and none of them were happy about it.

"I take real offense at the fact that I'm being labeled, that Hillary Clinton is entitled to my vote because I'm a woman," says Rachel Mullen, a conservative blogger who has voted Republican for most of her life. All the heads around this table nod.

"I thought the whole point of the women's movement was that women would not be labeled in a certain way," agrees Anne Trakas, an administrative-services consultant. "And now they're labeling us." If these were women given to saying, "You go, girl!" to each other, this would be the moment.

Some of them resented the notion that Clinton's campaign—or Clinton herself—was historic in any way. It was Eleanor Roosevelt who redefined the role of First Lady, not Hillary Clinton, argued Kimberly Bartlett, a political consultant. "Everybody is looking at Hillary as a first," she says. "Well, no. There are other countries that have had women leaders. There's Indira Gandhi, there's Margaret Thatcher."

To a surprising degree, being female was still seen by some women as a disadvantage. They wondered if a woman could be tough enough to be President. "If she's got kids, she's got too tender of a heart to make things go the way they should go," says Beverly Bennett, a 70-year-old housewife visiting Cleveland from West Virginia. The campaign's inspirational message is turned inside out: instead of "If she can do it, so can I," some women seem to think, "If I couldn't do it, how could she?" Even as they identify with her, they reject her. "I'm a woman," Bennett argues. "I couldn't do it myself."

These women make comments that few men would dare. Arianna Lewis, a server at a Shaker Heights restaurant, jokes that Clinton might "snap" if somebody said the wrong thing to her at "that time of the month." Latrice Robbins, 34, says she might not vote at all. "I don't want an emotional woman running everything," she says of Clinton, who at 68 is, one presumes, post-menopausal. "What if she's on her menstrual period and wants to kill everyone?"

JIM WILSON—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

Clinton with supporters in Oakland, Calif., on May 6

FOR DECADES, THE DREAM of a female President has been dangled in front of ambitious young girls. Now that it may become a reality, many Ohio women say they feel differently about it than they thought they would. And that may produce votes for Hillary Clinton as well as some against.

Certainly, for the small group of voters gathered at the Women's Fund of Central Ohio in Columbus, the nomination was a step in the right direction. "You can say 'you can be whatever you want' until you're blue in the face, but until someone actually does it, there's always a doubt," says Kathy Bowman, a partner at a Columbus law firm.

Others said that the reality of a female presidential nominee felt much different than the idea of one. "I always assumed that I would see a woman, but on the night when she clinched it, I was surprised at how much it affected me," said Heather Whaling, a marketing executive. "It was a much bigger deal than I thought it was going to be."

One moment in particular that stood out was the June 7 speech where Clinton claimed the Democratic nomination in Brooklyn. When Clinton appeared triumphantly onstage to deliver her remarks, she was wearing a pure white coat, spotless and significant. "I didn't expect that it was going to have this resonance, until she came out in that white jacket," says Wendy Smooth, a professor at Ohio State University. She says she started to cry during that speech. "It was like, 'I have come through the fire.' Throw everything at her and it's still a white coat."

At the mention of that white jacket, a murmur spread throughout the room.

Outside the pink and green walls of the Women's Fund, there was decidedly less reverence. Many other supporters who spoke with TIME said they were mostly motivated by aversion to Trump. "It could be Kermit the Frog and Donald Trump, and I'd pick Kermit the Frog," says BriAna Golphin, a server at a Cleveland restaurant.

And even among some of those who oppose Clinton, there is a yearning for a different woman. "I wish I wanted her to be President," said Margaret Nakles, a 22-year-old middle-school teacher who is considering voting for Trump. "It's sad. I don't want a dishonest woman to represent women."

That about sums up why Carolyn and Cindy have their work cut out for them as they try to get Josephine to the polls. As the milk shakes are finished off, mother and grandmother list the reasons why they believe Clinton's nomination is so important, and why a Trump presidency would be so disastrous. And Josephine seems convinced—kind of. "It's nice to know we could have a female President after so long," she finally admits.

Cindy and Carolyn share a glance. "We're going to talk you into voting," Cindy says. Josephine shrugs and says nothing. She still doesn't seem all that excited about it. ◻

BY THE NUMBERS

59%
Share of women voters who said they prefer Clinton. In 2008 and 2012, women preferred Democrats by 51% and 55%, respectively.

5%
Margin by which non-Hispanic white women over 50, who favored Republicans in 2008 and 2012, now favor her.

THE *LONGEST* RUN

THE FIRST TEAM OF REFUGEE OLYMPIANS WILL BE COMPETING

At Loroupe's training center in Kenya, refugee runners worked hard to earn one of 10 spots on the squad bound for Brazil

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIRO OSE

FOR DIGNITY *BY S.L. PRICE*

PRODUCED IN COLLABORATION WITH SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THEY RAN.

SO GOES THE FIRST ACT OF A REFUGEE: a scramble for food or clothing, a grab of the nearest helping hand, flight. Were the soldiers coming to take territory? Or coming for forced conscripts the way they did two years before, when Yiech Pur Biel's father ran and never came back? In those first moments it didn't matter; the soldiers were coming. So Biel and his mother, two sisters and younger brother rushed out of their home, five more drops in the human flood rushing into the scrubby forest outside the town of Nasir, in the northeast of what would soon become South Sudan.

This was 2005. What month? Biel doesn't remember. What season? He can't say. He was 10 then, an age when time means little but the loss of home feels like the earth cracking. "When they attacked us," he says, "I saw it was the end of my life with my family."

It got worse. Biel—who would grow up intent on proving, along with the nine other members of the Refugee Olympic Team at the Rio Games, that refugees "are not animals"—then took what is often the next step: he lived like an animal. Hiding in the bush, senses on high alert, no food to be had. For three days his family, sleepless, bellies screaming, foraged for fruit and climbed trees for their bitter leaves.

Finally, Biel's mother Nyagony made a decision. The border with Ethiopia was only 19 miles away, a week's walk; maybe they could get food there. Biel was the oldest boy. There was no avoiding the cruel calculus: she could handle three children on the road but not four. "You see," Biel says, "if I am 10 years, I can survive without her, maybe."

He tried to understand. His mother

placed him with a woman from their neighborhood, gathered his brother and sisters and went. So began the refugee's third, most wrenching act, the separation endured, in some form, by more than 21 million refugees and another 44 million forcibly displaced people. Biel has not spoken to his mother and siblings since then. He doesn't know if they survived the trek, the soldiers, the years.

While relating all this in July, during a break at the Tegla Loroupe Training Center in Ngong, Kenya, about 14 miles outside Nairobi, the 21-year-old Biel speaks in a high monotone, his face giving away nothing. He says he cried the day his mother left him, but it wasn't his worst moment. That came after, when he went with the neighbor lady and her two children back to Nasir and found it in ashes. "They burned everything," he says of the soldiers. "There was nothing. The village has gone. They took animals, even killed some. The army go away. All that remained were the dead people."

That's when Biel knew he was lost. The neighbor would be going now, surely, and he was terrified that she too would do the math, "turn against me" and leave him behind. "I thought it was my end," he says. So for the next 24 hours, one full day, the boy waited for his dying to begin.

WHEN INTERNATIONAL Olympic Committee president Thomas Bach announced the 10 members of the first-ever Refugee Olympic Team in June—after a yearlong global vetting by 17 national Olympic committees and the U.N. Refugee Agency and tryouts in Europe and Africa that resembled nothing so much as the hunt for Willy Wonka's golden tickets—he clearly intended the impact to redound far beyond sports. "A symbol of hope to all the refugees in our world," Bach called the squad. "It is also a signal to the international community that refugees are our fellow human beings and are an enrichment to society."

A cynic might call this a stroke of marketing genius. What with endless reports out of Rio de Janeiro about depleted budgets, political collapse, social unrest and the Zika virus and consequent withdrawal of high-profile athletes; amid striking allegations of systematic doping by traditional powers Russia and Kenya; and after making laughable bets that staging recent Olympics in China and Russia would improve those countries' human-rights records, the Olympic brand has taken a savage beating. A bit of humanitarian counterprogramming, smacking of IOC founder Baron Pierre de Coubertin's ideals, surely couldn't hurt.

To be fair, Bach had been thinking about pairing the global refugee crisis—the worst since World War II—and the Olympics almost from the moment he took office in September 2013. Tegla Loroupe, the Kenyan marathon legend, had been scouting and training talented South Sudanese refugees for years; Bach spoke to her that fall about expanding the work worldwide, and last September the IOC authorized $2 million in funding for the effort. "I was always wishing that I had somebody to help me," says Loroupe, whose training camp welcomed 30 refugee runners last October. "If it was not for IOC, I couldn't support these athletes."

The Syrian war, of course, was the main source of the more than 1 million refugees who flowed into Europe in 2015. But long-standing conflict, drought and instability also scattered countless Africans, including 160,000 Ethiopians in that time, like Refugee Team marathoner Yonas Kinde, 36, who has been living, running and driving taxis in Luxembourg since 2011. "I left because of political problems," Kinde told the IOC, "but I am here, and I am lucky."

Their routes to these Games differ, but all the Olympic refugees share the same mission: to change the conversation. They know that refugees have become easy scapegoats in scared societies, easy applause lines for politicians and all too easy to caricature as criminal or unclean. In Rio they hope to present an alternative to all the wire photos of crowded camps and dead bodies washed ashore, relieve the basic human fear of the other. They want to show that they can march in a parade, wave, smile, run and compete—just like everyone else.

65.3 MILLION

NUMBER OF PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD WHO ARE DISPLACED FROM THEIR HOMES, THE MOST ON RECORD

"It is very challenging when you are chased away from your homeland," says Anjelina Nadai Lohalith, 22, a 1,500-m runner from South Sudan. "Nobody can feel happy when you are chased or you stay in another country. But right now I feel proud. I'm proud to be a refugee."

"We are representing the millions of refugees all over the world," she continues. "Maybe, in years to come, I will represent myself. But at this moment, we are their light. Wherever they are, at least they will now have some encouragement and know we can do something. Wherever they are, they are human beings. They are not animals. That's why we have been given this chance. So they should not be looked down on. Or treated unfairly."

LATE ON JULY 8, word came in that James Nyang Chiengjiek's home was dropping once more into hell. Chiengjiek, 28, a South Sudanese 800-m runner whose

PREVIOUS PAGES: THESE PAGES: REDUX/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Loroupe's center has little in the way of athletic amenities, but it's become home for the refugees

father was killed in 1999 during Sudan's civil war, had fled his village at 13 to avoid being kidnapped. Now he stood outside the social hall at Loroupe's training center. A teammate walked up, fresh off a phone call from South Sudan's capital. "Fighting has broken out in Juba," he said.

Artillery, machine-gun fire: forces aligned with the President were battling those loyal to the Vice President. A tenuous peace in the country's latest, 32-month civil war was unraveling fast. Chiengjiek wasn't upset. "No, no, it's good," he said. One side would finally beat the other into submission, he figured, "and after this all the fighting will stop."

In truth, the road to a clear resolution figures to be long and brutal. At least 300 people died and 40,000 fled Juba in the ensuing four days, casting fresh doubt on the viability of the world's youngest nation. A shattered economy had already forced the cancellation of festivities marking South Sudan's fifth birthday, and it was just as well; since independence, the nation has had little to be proud of. More than half its children don't attend school. In March the U.N. accused the government of war crimes that include the mass murder of civilians and allowing soldiers to rape women in lieu of payment. South Sudan, the U.N. report concluded, has created "one of the most horrendous human-rights situations in the world."

It seems only right, then, that fully half of the 2016 Refugee Team—Biel, Lohalith, Chiengjiek, 800-m runner Rose Nathike Lokonyen and 1,500-m runner Paulo Amotun Lokoro—call South Sudan home. Aside from age-old disrupters like war and famine, South Sudan features some of the most extreme abuses that drive away today's refugees. Chiengjiek first "ran," as all the runners call it, because the army wanted to brainwash children into being soldiers. Meanwhile, half of South Sudanese girls between ages 15 and 19—and some as young as 12—are subjected to forced marriage. Lohalith decided, at all of 9 years old, to go with an aunt to Kenya because her Didinga community expected her to submit to early marriage. "But I was planning to go to school by then," she says. "I was wishing to become a doctor."

Political and tribal authorities aren't the only ones creating nightmares. Separating mostly Christian South Sudan from Muslim-dominated Sudan in 2011 seemed a fairly straightforward task, compared with reconciling the nation's warring ethnicities. The dominant Dinka and Nuer tribes have forever battled for power, which helps explain the current hostilities: on one side the Dinka, and on the other the Nuer. And though some 650,000 South Sudanese have bolted the country since the conflict began in 2013, those tensions were not left behind.

All five South Sudanese runners came through the 25-year-old Kakuma Refugee Camp, a holding area for 185,000 people in northwestern Kenya. "When refugees fight [among] themselves, you face a lot of challenges," says Lokonyen, 23, who lived in Kakuma from the time she was 9 until last fall. In 2014 the Dinka and the Nuer battled there for weeks with sticks, guns and the machetes called *pangas*. "So many people were dying in that fighting," she says, gesturing to the back of her neck. "I saw: They were cutting one of the young kids, he was Dinka, cut by *panga*. He passed away. One of my tribe—Didinga—was killed as well."

Preventing tribal divisions from infecting the Ngong training center was a priority when the 30 runners began arriving last October. "It wasn't easy, let me tell you," Loroupe says. She has more experience with this than most: since 2001 the two-time winner of the New York City Marathon has persuaded rival East African warlords and politicians to run together in well over a dozen "peace races." Aided by Kenya's Olympic committee and coaches, Loroupe put together a roster of refugee Olympic candidates that included runners from the Democratic Republic of Congo, Somalia, Burundi and Ethiopia, but most were South Sudanese Dinka, Nuer and Didinga, fresh from Kakuma and from Kenya's even larger refugee camp at Dadaab.

"I did not know that even these people had been fighting," Loroupe says. She

split the captaincies between a Nuer and a Didinga and told everyone, "Forget what happened in your camp. We are here as ambassadors. We have been chosen … Show a good example. Be a new person that your people in Kakuma will see, so they can also change."

Lohalith, like Lokonyen a Didinga, saw her village burned to the ground by Dinka tribesmen. That act touched off a lonely 16-year journey; Lohalith never spoke to her family again. But she and her teammates say that Loroupe's training center never buckled under tribal conflict. Lohalith takes no satisfaction in the fact that no Dinka is included among the five South Sudanese runners eventually chosen. The IOC made the final decision and, says Pere Miró, an IOC deputy director general, based it solely on the ability of each refugee to, if not medal, "compete, at least, in the Games."

"In running they don't choose according to tribe, but by performance," Lohalith says. "We were selected as refugees, so we should not think about tribe. Let us leave the things of the past and live like one people. Right now we are working for the competition and the Olympics. Let us focus on only one thing, as a team."

Athletes like Chiengjiek, right, had their lives taken away from them when they became refugees

WHEN ASKED HER personal best in the 800, Lokonyen says, "2:22," then smiles and adds, "I need to reduce." It's true: the Olympic qualifying time is 2:01.50. But then, all the South Sudanese runners have come up well short of the qualifying times for their events and been waived into the Games by the IOC. Of the 10 refugee athletes, in fact, only marathoner Yonas Kinde would have made it to the Olympics strictly on athletic achievement—had he a nation to represent.

The team's current statelessness, of course, makes membership an honor only if it's temporary; the sooner the athletes lose refugee status, the better. That's why perhaps the most successful candidate in the selection process didn't make it. Taekwondo fighter Raheleh Asemani of Iran was atop the short list after winning the women's under-57-kg class in European qualifying in January, but in April she was granted citizenship in Belgium. She will compete under its flag in Rio.

The rest will be guaranteed only a walk in the opening ceremony, a bed in the athletes' village and a place in qualifying. That's plenty, of course, but the refugees point out that they've been training just nine months, while other Olympians have had a lifetime to prepare. Before last October none of the South Sudanese had ever worked out with weights, thought about diet or endured twice-daily practices, timed and charted. None had ever lived as an athlete or raced so often—much less in a cooler climate and under a new kind of stress. Knees barked. Chests got congested. More than half of the runners at Loroupe's training center, including the lone Dinka woman, got sent back to Kakuma or Dadaab. Lohalith came down with malaria.

"A lot of injuries, diseases that never come up—our bodies were responding," says Lohalith, whose personal best for the 1,500 is 4:52. (Olympic qualifying time is 4:07.) "A few managed to bear with it, then the team began a lot of trials. I came up with [a faster] time. Even though we were told, 'You are not that qualified,' at least we were better. Now we are getting used to it. I cannot hope to win, but I will go and try my best to compete—no matter how hard it is. I cannot walk off the field. I have to at least try to finish."

It's impossible to miss the Walter Mitty factor here; Hollywood screenwriters should be taking notes. Being on this team is the closest an Everyman will come to competing in the world's most prestigious sporting event. Never mind the irony of trying to prove that refugees are "like anybody else" by lining them up against the most uncommon humans alive. Before their luck turned, Lokoro and Biel herded cattle. Chiengjiek was studying to be a car mechanic. Concede an accident of fate, of being born in the wrong place at the wrong time, and they've been like anybody else all along.

Still, they don't want to hear that. The five South Sudanese runners intend to return to Loroupe's training center after their longest journey yet; they want to see if, with more training, they actually can be elite athletes. And it looks as if Loroupe will have them. The IOC's $2 million training fund is all but exhausted, Miró says, but he expects it to be renewed. "We have a lot of, let's say, offers to cooperate in something for these 10 people," he says. "What we'd like is that these offers will continue after the Games for many other people."

All of the South Sudanese runners speak of wanting to follow Loroupe's example: win races around the world, build careers, pass on what they've learned. "If I do something better in my life, I want to help the refugees who have suffered like me," Lokoro, 24, says. "So many refugees have talent but don't have a chance. I want to have a place like this so

JIRO OSE—REDUX/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

they can rise up, run and go somewhere, visit other continents like me now. It is all opening up for me. My life, it's like a new one."

Unwittingly, perhaps, the IOC has given the 10 something they've never had. Refugees, especially young ones, spend most of their lives shunted about by great forces such as war, climate, tribe and bureaucracy. Even now the refugee Olympians are being directed daily by Loroupe's foundation, coaches, U.N. refugee officials, media handlers and the imperatives of the IOC. But for the first time they've been given room to hope, and better: to make a plan.

"I know I have a message to tell the world," Biel says. "I feel a lot of pressure, because millions of refugees are looking to us to tell what they are living. Secondly, it's about my nation: South Sudan. If I succeed and only go live abroad, there's no legacy that I give to other people. I want to come back and serve the nation, show them the way as a peacemaker, tell the world that we can challenge our leaders. Because the leaders make the problems. Thirdly, it's about my family. The background I come from; it's a terrible history, you see. I must change that. Maybe I can go back to that village now to help the young people. Because I know that it's not only my family that was suffering."

NO, YIECH PUR BIEL didn't die. Because what the refugees say is true, of course: they are not animals. They are like anyone else, capable of great good amid even the worst times. The neighbor lady, Rebecca Nyagony Chuol, did not desert Biel the day after his mother walked away in 2005—though no one would have blamed her if she had. Her husband had just been killed, and she had two boys to raise alone, and the U.N. people triaging the chaos in Nasir had tabbed Chuol and her children to be rescued first. The truck for Kakuma was filling up. "We are going," Chuol told Biel. "But I don't think your mother is coming back. And we're not going to leave you here."

So she told the U.N. refugee workers that Biel was part of her family. And he went with her to Kakuma and lived with her like a third son. "I call her Mom, because she's caring for me and treats me the same as she did her own children," Biel says. "They saved my life."

He didn't grow up running. He loved soccer; a lanky defender ranging across the grassless pitches of Kakuma, he could go all day if asked. He ran the occasional school relay, to help out, but never more than a lap or two. Then, a year ago, a posting went up in the camp: Tegla Loroupe was coming in August to stage a 10-km race, and the best would earn spots at her training center and a chance at the Olympics. Biel liked that runners controlled their own fate. He thought, Why not me?

He had one pair of sneakers, barely; holes gaped under the balls of both feet. "There was no sole," he says. "I was tying them, and I say, 'God help me now.'"

Biel, running the whole way on his toes, finished third. The flight from Kakuma to Nairobi was his second, the first having come when the U.N. flew Chuol's family into Kakuma a decade before. After news got around that Biel was one of the 30 chosen, he received a phone call from an uncle in Juba. "Your family is alive," the man said. "Your mother, your brother, even your father. They are all back in Nasir."

Biel has no idea if this is true. He still hasn't spoken to anyone in his family, can't go back himself and says that in his culture, people lie rather than confirm bad news long-distance. "I cannot believe it," he says, "because when you are far away, they cannot tell you the truth. They don't want you to be hurt. But sometimes I think about it and say, 'O.K., maybe they are alive,' and it makes me happy. I say … maybe. Imagine: for 12 years I never see my father, and then this guy tells me that he's alive. It's hard."

Still, all the while Biel kept working, improving, surviving cuts: when 16 of the originals at Loroupe's training center were replaced in February, when the IOC named the 43 final candidates worldwide in March, when the list of candidates at the training center was later reduced to 14. And with each step an idea took firmer shape: if he makes something of this chance, makes any money, he will get Chuol and her sons out of Kakuma. "That is the way I can thank them," Biel says.

On June 3 the runners gathered inside the social hall at Loroupe's training center for the IOC's announcement. No hints had been given. The coaches warned them: Only one of you might go to Rio. It's O.K. Don't despair if you're not chosen.

A video screen popped to life, relaying the image of Thomas Bach sitting at a table in Lausanne, Switzerland. Some runners prayed. Some felt their hands shaking. Then they heard their names being read from far away, one by one, five of them inside that room in Kenya. "It felt like a dream," Lokoro says.

The first was Biel's. At the unreal sound of it—him, his name!—coming out of a TV on a wall, his eyes filled. He thought about his mother and the last time, 11 years ago, he had cried. Now he wept again, happily. When the cameras and reporters and his teammates crowded around him, he could barely speak.

"It was too big," Biel says, but if you've never lost everything, you might not understand. That was the bell signaling the last leg of a long, desperate run. A refugee is on the move. Cheer hard. Look at him—look at all of them—go. —*With reporting by* JARED MALSIN/ISTANBUL ☐

MEET TEAM REFUGEE

RAMI ANIS, *SWIMMING*
Country of origin: Syria

YIECH PUR BIEL, *TRACK AND FIELD*
South Sudan

JAMES NYANG CHIENGJIEK, *TRACK AND FIELD*
South Sudan

YONAS KINDE, *TRACK AND FIELD*
Ethiopia

ANJELINA NADAI LOHALITH, *TRACK AND FIELD*
South Sudan

ROSE NATHIKE LOKONYEN, *TRACK AND FIELD*
South Sudan

PAULO AMOTUN LOKORO, *TRACK AND FIELD*
South Sudan

YOLANDE BUKASA MABIKA, *JUDO*
Democratic Republic of Congo

YUSRA MARDINI, *SWIMMING*
Syria

POPOLE MISENGA, *JUDO*
Democratic Republic of Congo

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Time Off

'IT'S THE DUTY OF A COMEDIAN TO FIND OUT WHERE THE LINE IS DRAWN AND DELIBERATELY CROSS OVER IT.' —PAGE 57

Spock and awe: On its third journey, the latest Star Trek *crew falls into an enemy's clever trap*

MOVIES

Star Trek Beyond: Lessons for modern life abide below the bombast

By Stephanie Zacharek

SOMETIME IN THE 1970S OR '80S, before Internet trolls roamed the earth, TV's original *Star Trek* got a bad name, or at least a lot of side eye, for spawning legions of nerdy, trivia-spouting loyalists who were boring at parties. Those were the days! *Star Trek,* as created by Gene Roddenberry, was an unapologetic expression of optimism, a vow of faith in interplanetary civic values. Its gentle spirit is something we could use more of these days, especially during summer blockbuster season, and if you can look past a degree of special-effects bombast, Justin Lin's *Star Trek Beyond* shimmers with that spirit—the actors, in particular, carry the essence of Roddenberry's inclusive vision into the present.

Star Trek Beyond is designed to dazzle. Its effects—including the sight of a ravaged Starship *Enterprise* hurtling toward the surface of a mystery planet like a colossal, flaming space pie—are sometimes beautiful and sometimes so elaborate that they obscure the action rather than make it more thrilling. Even so, Lin keeps this tense adventure (co-written by Doug Jung and Simon Pegg, who also reprises his role as chief engineer Scotty) from stumbling over its own excess: he knows that any good *Star Trek* needs wit as well as spectacle.

This time the *Enterprise,* with James T. Kirk (Chris Pine) at the helm, heads out to save a stranded alien ship, only to zoom into a trap set by a villainous megalomaniac named Krall (Idris Elba), easily identifiable by his corrugated blue-green forehead and murderous, pointy little teeth.

PARAMOUNT

Let's Krall the whole thing off: Elba's megalomaniac baddie strong-arms his way through Star Trek Beyond

Krall destroys Kirk's beloved ship and captures most of his crew, though Kirk and some officers—including Karl Urban's eternally skeptical Bones, Pegg's stubbornly practical Scotty and Zachary Quinto's eminently sensible sweetheart-in-disguise Spock—escape the dying ship in cool bullet-shaped space pods that hurtle forth like man-made shooting stars.

Kirk, stranded on Krall's planet, thinks only of saving his crew, and luckily he meets another castaway who grudgingly offers help: Jaylah—played with grave, take-no-prisoners elegance by Sofia Boutella—a captivating alien with eyes of pale fire and a face like a starkly painted Kabuki mask. The whole point of any *Star Trek* exercise is that people of different temperaments, beliefs and skin tones must learn to work together. The actors here take that rather skeletal mandate and make it gleam. Spock and Bones, stuck in a cave for part of *Star Trek Beyond,* bicker and spar like disgruntled stepbrothers before realizing, long after we do, that their tendency to overthink everything makes them a match in space-bro heaven—all of their scenes together are a delight. Pine's Kirk, solemn and solitary, is always suffering from some existential crisis: this time, he wonders if the drag of day-in, day-out space travel is killing him softly.

But before you can say, Bones-like, "Get over it, Jim," something about Pine's brand of somber thoughtfulness stops you. After all, it's not just the weight of the world that Kirk carries on his shoulders; he's also got strange new worlds to worry about. No wonder he's anxious all the time. This *Star Trek* also gives us a parting glimpse of Anton Yelchin, who died in June at age 27. As Chekhov, he doesn't have much to do this time around, but he nonetheless casts a benevolent glow. Yelchin conducted his far-too-brief career with understated nobility: whether the work in question was a Shakespeare adaptation or a summer entertainment, he poured his soul right in. That's the difference between going gently and boldly going. He made that idea sing. ▯

QUICK TALK

Evan Rachel Wood

The Emmy-nominated actor, 28, stars in the new film Into the Forest *(July 29), an intimate post-apocalyptic drama based on Jean Hegland's feminist novel of the same name; this fall, she'll return to television in HBO's sci-fi thriller* Westworld.

You've talked openly about your bisexuality. Do you feel a sense of responsibility to discuss LGBT issues? I advocate for things that I've struggled with because that's how I can do the most good. Once I broke through barriers, it was like I took the red pill to get out of the *Matrix*. It made me want to speak out because I don't want anybody to feel like I did.

It's unusual to have so many out women—you, co-star and producer Ellen Page and director Patricia Rozema—involved in one film. Did you bond over that? That was one thing that made Ellen and I comfortable with each other. But it was just a coincidence that all three women are out. We never viewed it as an LGBT film.

The scene in the film when your character is sexually assaulted must have been emotionally grueling for you to shoot. I was nervous the whole time leading up to it. I had to convince my body and mind that it really was happening. We did it in one take and the capillaries in my eyes burst from screaming. After, Ellen held me, and that was it. I gave a speech to the crew about not staying silent and speaking up. I don't think you can throw a stone without hitting a woman who's been sexually assaulted or sexually harassed.

Do you think conditions are improving for women in film? Seeing this get made after Ellen read this book was really inspiring. We have to start doing things ourselves. There's a new generation coming up right now that's going to change things. If the roles aren't coming, you have to take matters into your own hands.

—ASHLEY HOFFMAN

ON MY RADAR

AMANDA PALMER'S *THE ART OF ASKING*

'It's an amazing book about how true connection and vulnerability can open up your world.'

Cranston plays an undercover U.S. customs agent with craggy aplomb

MOVIES

A Colombian coke-and-cash caper scores grownup thrills

THE PLEASURES OF *THE INFILTRATOR,* BASED ON THE TRUE story of the federal agents who brought down Colombia's Medellín drug cartel in the late 1980s and early 1990s, are the old-fashioned kind, redolent of the days when people would troop to the movie theater for their undercover-drama fix, instead of just binge-watching from the Netflix queue. That's its strength: director Brad Furman *(The Lincoln Lawyer)* keeps things moving deftly, and he trusts us to pay attention for the whole stretch, with no pausing to run off to the fridge. This is a summer movie for grownups, the kind that reminds you how gratifying it can be to sit down uninterrupted and watch actors work on the big screen.

Bryan Cranston brings his usual craggy gravity to the role of Bob Mazur, an agent who, as a means of penetrating Pablo Escobar's drug-trafficking empire, spent a good five years of his life as Bob Musella, a slippery businessman and money launderer. The scheme he and his partners cook up involves a fake wedding (fellow agent Kathy Ertz, played by a silky-smart Diane Kruger, is the blushing bride) and a complicated friendship between Mazur/Musella and drug kingpin Roberto Alcaino (Benjamin Bratt, who adds charcoal shading to an otherwise stock character). But it's John Leguizamo, as Mazur/Musella's live-wire partner Emir, who nearly walks off with the show: his gum-chewing insouciance makes him the class clown of federal agents. Leguizamo has played this type of character before—and not just once, but probably dozens of times. Somehow, though, he always comes up with a mischievous, singular tweak. His career itself could be a metaphor for undercover work. You may say, Hey, I've seen that guy before. But really, you only think you have. —S.Z.

> 'I go way out on a limb. I ask my directors, "When you start to hear the limb crack, just pull me back a little bit."'
>
> **BRYAN CRANSTON**, in *Entertainment Weekly*

MOVIES

Big-screen *Ab Fab* ODs on vitriol

ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS, THE BBC TV series that ran from 1992 to 1995 (with a few subsequent resurrections), served up whole wardrobes' worth of ruthless, bad-gal humor: Jennifer Saunders' PR agent Edina Monsoon and Joanna Lumley's magazine editor Patsy Stone were catty, boozy, druggy pals who just couldn't let go of their swinging youth. Fans found their unchecked bad behavior, and their wild outfits, freeing.

Each episode was a small, potent ampoule of vitriol. Now Edina and Patsy are back with *Absolutely Fabulous: The Movie,* and this dose of hot-pink poison is just too much. Edina and Patsy are older, and it's terrible. They've run out of money, which may be worse. Their withering wisecracks should be funnier than they are, and their fashion-victim flamboyance now only makes them look pathetic. It doesn't matter how much jewelry they pile on. Ugliness shines from within. —S.Z.

AB FAB BEGINNINGS The series originated as a sketch written by Saunders *(right)* and Dawn French for their TV show *French and Saunders*

STAR TREK BEYOND: PARAMOUNT; WOOD: MAARTEN DE BOER—CONTOUR/GETTY; THE INFILTRATOR: BROAD GREEN PICTURES; ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS: FOX SEARCHLIGHT

Often called "the female James Brown," Jones is a powerhouse performer

MUSIC

Have you met Miss Jones? Let a new film break the ice

By John Anderson

LIKE A PAIR OF FUNKY PLANETS, TWO R&B GODDESSES collided backstage at a 2011 taping of *VH1 Divas Celebrates Soul*. "I screamed, 'Mavis!'" recalls Sharon Jones. "She screamed, 'Sharon!' Someone came out of a room where they were interviewing the Roots or somebody and said, '*Shh*.' I thought, You don't shush Mavis Staples!"

Nor do you shush Jones, a Georgia-born, Brooklyn-based soul singer who since 2001 has dazzled fans with her throwback-R&B band the Dap-Kings. Jones, 60, is now relying on her fighting spirit in a battle with cancer. The sense one gets watching the Barbara Kopple–directed documentary *Miss Sharon Jones!* is that fate has thrown her a malignant curve. It's something even a devoutly religious woman like Jones has trouble wrapping her shaved head around: "The disease is here, you think it's gone—and suddenly it's back again, in different places. And it's scarier than the first time."

Grammy-nominated for the 2014 album *Give the People What They Want*—and currently heard singing "Midnight Rider" over a Lincoln MKZ commercial—Jones has worked as a corrections officer and an armored-car guard. Back then, the 4 ft. 11 in. singer says, she was dismissed as "too fat, too black, too short and too old." But ever since she began recording with Dap-Kings bassist and songwriter Bosco Mann, her reputation has been rising and rising.

Then in 2013, after being diagnosed with stage 2 pancreatic cancer, Jones had bile-duct surgery and chemotherapy. The cancer was put on hold, but so was her career. *Miss Sharon Jones!* was filmed as she fought the disease, but upon its Toronto Film Festival premiere last fall, Jones said the cancer had recurred.

> 'I said, "I'm not ready to go yet!" I wanted to dance off the stage, not be walked off.'
>
> **SHARON JONES**, on why her crew couldn't drag her off a Brooklyn stage in June

Kopple, whose *Harlan County, USA* (1976) and *American Dream* (1990) both won the Best Documentary Oscar, was thrilled by the idea of the project, but her subject had to be persuaded. "My manager said, 'This will be good for you,' but I was like, 'How's it going to be, a camera in my face while I'm sick?'" Jones says. "But they made me feel comfortable. You knew they were there, but you could block them out."

"Why would you want to block us out?" Kopple asks. "We were so much fun." For the director and her audience, the story remains open-ended. No cures. No tidy conclusions. "I just was telling a story about Sharon and the Dap-Kings," Kopple says. "I didn't envision anything happening. I'd go around any corner and film them, and pray that everything was going to be O.K."

It's not, but Jones is stoic. "I'm just gonna deal with it," she says of the cancer. "It left the first time—it will go again. I just have to say, 'What will be, will be.' I'm praying I'll be around another 10, 15, 20 years. If not, I'm ready to deal with whatever I have to deal with."

Right now, that includes the film's release on July 29 and taking the Dap-Kings back out on the road. Live shows, she says, are her sanctuary: "When I walk out onstage, everything disappears. Getting onstage makes me forget. I can get on that stage and the pain goes away." ◻

JONES: JESSE DITTMAR—REDUX; LOOKING: HBO; FANTASIA: GETTY IMAGES; CAROLLA, LAMPANELLI, GOTTFRIED, FOSTER: SAMUEL GOLDWYN

TIME PICKS

MOVIES
In comedian Mike Birbiglia's sophomore feature, ***Don't Think Twice,*** a group of friends in New York City's improv scene grapple with envy when one lands a spot on an *SNL*-like show.

MUSIC
On *The Definition Of …*, *American Idol* champ **Fantasia** lends her raspy powerhouse voice to a collection of songs that traverse the borders among soul, rock and country.

BOOKS
In Dave Eggers' darkly comic new novel ***Heroes of the Frontier,*** the author zeroes in on a mother moving her family in an RV from trouble in Ohio to a new life in Alaska.

TELEVISION
In a life-affirming extended finale, ***Looking: The Movie*** (July 23) wraps up the beloved two-season HBO series about a group of gay friends navigating love and work in San Francisco.

COMEDY

Jokesters slap back at the PC police

IT'S NO FUN BEING FUNNY these days. The outrage mob is waving its PC pitchforks at stand-up comedy, particularly on college campuses. Don't like jokes about race, religion, sexual orientation? Make it known how offended you are. And try to drown out or shut up what you don't like. Chris Rock has said he no longer plays colleges because of students who have been so shielded by trigger warnings and "safe spaces" that "you can't even be offensive on your way to being inoffensive."

Likewise, Jerry Seinfeld, Patton Oswalt and Bill Maher have all decried the onslaught of PC protests, both on and off campus. To make his point, Oswalt last year tweeted a chestnut about a man who threw butter out a window because he wanted to see butter fly—followed by 52 tweets of apology to all who may have been inadvertently disrespected.

Now a new documentary, *Can We Take a Joke?,* invites dozens of top comics to weigh in on their experiences. Directed by Ted Balaker, the film arrives in selected theaters on July 29 and on video on demand on Aug. 2. "We're getting to the point where outrage is a powerful political tool," says Penn Jillette in the film. "You can't have an exchange of ideas if there's a chilling effect."

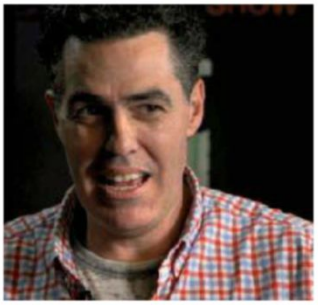
It wasn't always this way. Comedian Lenny Bruce's audiences never complained about his act; it was the police who busted him. Nowadays, comedians aren't arrested—the crowd is a built-in censor. And colleges, with their speech codes and notions of microaggression, seem to be the worst offenders. In one incident, Washington State University administrators actually paid for tickets so students could heckle a satirical musical about Jesus' last days. Campus security refused to remove the hecklers even after they threatened actors with violence.

Transgression has always fueled certain strains of humor. Gilbert Gottfried quotes George Carlin: "It's the duty of a comedian to find out where the line is drawn and deliberately cross over it." In 2011, Gottfried crossed that line by tweeting jokes about the earthquake and tsunami that devastated Japan, costing him a lucrative contract to provide the voice of the Aflac duck. Taking the unspeakable and making it an object of ridicule is laudable, but Gottfried committed a key error: his jokes were lame. As Richard Pryor once said, "You can say anything that comes to mind, just so long as it's funny."

Meanwhile, "I'm offended" has become a mantra of the thin-skinned, and even a pivotal theme of the presidential election. There's little doubt that a key part of Donald Trump's appeal is his willingness to be relentlessly un-PC.

The bottom line is this: Comedy is meant to lampoon sacred cows. No one says you have to like the joke. Just don't try to silence the jokester. Or, as stand-up Heather McDonald says in the film, "If you're easily offended, please don't come to a comedy show."

—LEWIS BEALE



WHEN FREE SPEECH STOPS BEING FUNNY
A dozen top comics appear in *Can We Take a Joke?,* including, from top: **Adam Carolla** ("There's a lot of people out there whose job it is to be offended for other people"); **Lisa Lampanelli** ("I have always refused to apologize for a joke"); **Gilbert Gottfried;** and **Karith Foster** ("It's almost like people have gotten soft").

FICTION

Fifteen years after 9/11, the past is prologue

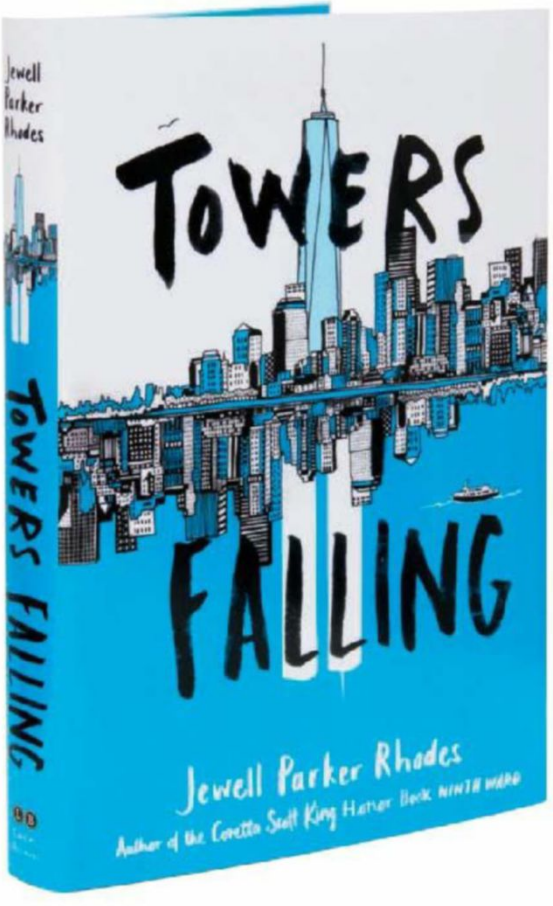
IN THE HOURS, DAYS AND months after the 9/11 attacks, Americans asked a series of questions: What happened? How many people died? Who did this? And, in the parlance of cable news, Why do they hate us?

For those of us who lived through the attacks, the responses to those questions are familiar if not complete. But 15 years later, parents of children born after 2001 struggle to come up with answers that explain the events and their aftermath without diminishing the terror of that sunny September day.

In Jewell Parker Rhodes' new novel, *Towers Falling,* 10-year-old Dèja has never heard about the attacks. As the present-day story begins, her family of five have just been evicted from their Brooklyn apartment and moved into a homeless shelter, in part because her depressed, chronically ill father can't work. The new surroundings destabilize Dèja, but the shelter is in a nicer neighborhood with a better school. There, she happily makes friends with a new boy from Arizona and a popular Muslim girl, and she's shocked by lesson plans and after-school chatter about 9/11. As she processes the information, she struggles to see what it has to do with her life. "I wasn't even born. I'm sorry they're dead," she says. "But why should I care?"

Rhodes has a talent for teaching kids to care about major events—her 2010 Hurricane Katrina novel, *Ninth Ward,* is a Coretta Scott King Honor Book—and her emphasis on critical thinking would make *Towers Falling* at home on a Common Core curriculum. By the end of the book, Dèja does understand why she should care about the past, not least because she learns that 9/11 has something to do with her father's coughs and headaches.

In Dèja, Rhodes has created a curious, resilient character whose journey can help other children process the horrible events that shape the world into which they are born. Parents too will appreciate the age-appropriate takeaways that play it sagely down the middle. "History is about feelings, too," Dèja writes in a school essay. "I'm happy I'm American. But sometimes American history isn't happy." —SARAH BEGLEY



> 'I know about terrorists. America's been fighting them in Iraq. But terrorists and the two towers? How could I connect what I didn't know?'
>
> DÈJA, 10, in *Towers Falling*

Rhodes' previous books include Bayou Magic *and* Sugar

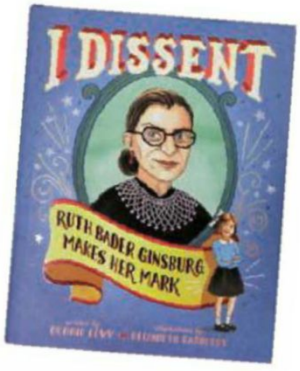
PICTURE PAGES

Portrait of the Justice as a young woman

RUTH BADER GINSBURG recently came under fire for her critical comments about Donald Trump's candidacy. Although she expressed regret, the Supreme Court Justice is no stranger to verbal combat.

In a forthcoming children's book, *I Dissent: Ruth Bader Ginsburg Makes Her Mark,* Debbie Levy depicts the Justice's life as "one disagreement after another." (Ginsburg has seen the book but did not endorse it.) After a series of conflicts with teachers, classmates and courtroom foes, Ginsburg joins the Supreme Court and meets her favorite antagonist: fellow Justice Antonin Scalia.

The Ginsburg of *I Dissent* is a crusader, but she has a soft side: after she and Scalia vehemently disagree in court, they go parasailing in France and elephant riding in India. (Nonfiction!) In a true meeting of the minds, politics just doesn't matter. —S.B.



RHODES: DAVID LEVENSON—GETTY IMAGES

WARNING
Children have been known to SHARE books with each other. This can lead to talking, LAUGHING and inside jokes. In some extreme cases kids will develop a lifelong FRIENDSHIP that surpasses time and distance. Read with caution.
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Arnett's actor Horseman and Sedaris' agent Princess Carolyn are together on a long ride

TELEVISION

A new wave of comedies craft depression into art

By Daniel D'Addario

SITCOMS HAVE BEEN SAD FOR YEARS NOW: CONSIDER THE hip, glum resignation of *Louie,* the fear of growing up that haunts *Girls* and the painful self-laceration of *Veep.* But depression is different. As author Andrew Solomon put it, "The opposite of depression is not happiness, but vitality." To be depressed is not to feel sad but to feel purposeless, at sea. That topic feels fit for only the darkest dramas—like *Six Feet Under,* with its seasons-long search for meaning among funeral directors.

But the world of streaming provides an arena for series that exceed traditional TV comedy's weight limit. Shows on creatively adventurous streaming services illuminate depression by progressing almost as if the series themselves are depressed, slowly and in circles. For instance, Netflix's animated series *BoJack Horseman,* whose third season launches July 22, reveals its soul gradually. It's a detailed Hollywood satire with bright colors, quick quips and characters who are, for the most part, anthropomorphic creatures.

BoJack, a horse-man, has never come to terms with losing his fame as a '90s sitcom star. He's an emotionally frozen addict who mistreats his only real friend, a cat named Princess Carolyn. This season, his Oscar ambitions—for a buzzy biopic about Secretariat—force him to meet the sort of players who'd say phrases like *buzzy biopic.* An awards race isn't the best place to get over his sense of meaninglessness.

Voicing BoJack and Carolyn, Will Arnett and Amy Sedaris deliver two of TV's sharpest performances. They get that the show's relentless puns—BoJack lands a profile in marine-mammal magazine *Manatee Fair*—don't mask its darkness. They emphasize it—the desperate, gasping (though still funny!) jokes made by someone fighting, hard, to keep darkness at bay.

CALIFORNIA ROLES Dewey and *SNL* alumna Watkins play Angelenos trapped in old patterns on Hulu's *Casual,* which releases new episodes every Tuesday

Casual, now in its second season on Hulu, loses the giddy but keeps the dark. It's another L.A. story. (The city, with its promise of self-improvement, has also made an aptly ironic setting on the recent depressive comedies *You're the Worst* and *Togetherness.*) Alex (Tommy Dewey) founded a dating site but spends most of his time with beer and bad liaisons. His housemate and sister Valerie (Michaela Watkins) uses work as a means of escape; she is a therapist who can hardly admit she's sacrificed her adult life to a slacker sibling.

The characters of *Casual* and *BoJack Horseman* have given up on change, challenging TV's imperative to generate plot and make us watch the next episode. Long stretches pass in stories about Valerie's daughter or BoJack's acquaintances—escapist coping mechanisms, not subplots. When we return to BoJack or Valerie, things have moved but incrementally. Or they're off on a tangent, sometimes mundane, sometimes—as in a stunning episode in which BoJack finds both beauty and deeper isolation at an undersea film festival—remarkable.

These shows make their way by losing their way, alternately winding up in drudgery or magnificence. Both end their seasons with unforeshadowed moments of radical grace that declare that changing one's life is, indeed, possible. After hours of journeying with these characters, these moments of hope feel good, and vital. ◻

BOJACK HORSEMAN: NETFLIX; CASUAL: HULU

LOVE IT / LEAVE IT

TIME'S WEEKLY TAKE ON WHAT POPPED IN CULTURE

A couple **got married on one of the world's tallest roller coasters** at a North Carolina amusement park, which was also the site of their first date.

There's a pop-up **Museum of Ice Cream** opening in New York City; its exhibits include a "swimmable rainbow sprinkle pool" *(above)* and an "immersive chocolate room."

Ariana Grande and Jimmy Fallon did a **duet of her new single, "Into You," over Snapchat.**

Google's new professional **emojis are bucking stereotypes,** offering male and female depictions of chefs, teachers, computer engineers and more.

Prince Harry **took an HIV blood test live** on the British royal family's Facebook page to raise awareness about how easy it is to get checked.

Stephen Colbert crashed the stage at the Republican National Convention **dressed as Caesar Flickerman,** the eccentric host from *The Hunger Games.*

A British theater producer called out apparent *Game of Thrones* fans for **eating McDonald's during a performance** of Kit Harington's West End play, *Doctor Faustus.*

Domino's India **introduced a "burger pizza"** that sandwiches cheese and pizza ingredients between two bun-like crusts.

Two men **fell from a San Diego cliff** while playing *Pokémon Go;* thankfully, they survived.

To celebrate National Hot Dog Day (July 23), **Hebrew National created a $200 "haute dog"** with toppings such as edible gold flakes and truffles.

Fans were outraged after Marvel Comics decided to **kill off Bruce Banner,** the human alter ego of the Hulk, in a recent comic release.

Police arrested a New Jersey woman over **more than $16,000 in unpaid tolls.**

EMOJIS: GOOGLE; SPRINKLES: MUSEUM OF ICE CREAM; ROLLER COASTER, GRANDE, FALLON: YOUTUBE; COLBERT: AP; POKÉMON GO: NINTENDO; BURGER PIZZA: DOMINO'S INDIA; BANNER: MARVEL; HOT DOG: MICHAEL BUCHER; PRINCE HARRY, TOLLS, MONEY, HARINGTON: GETTY IMAGES

By Raisa Bruner, Cady Lang and Megan McCluskey

What this 'good enough' mother learned from an extraordinary babysitter

By Kristin van Ogtrop

IN THE 21 YEARS I HAVE BEEN A MOTHER, I HAVE EMPLOYED five babysitters for my three boys. Our first babysitter broke her shoulder in our Brooklyn apartment and threatened to sue us. Our second babysitter was rushed by my husband to the hospital for emergency gallbladder surgery after we came home to find her lying on the floor. Our third babysitter got married, got divorced, got pregnant. Our fourth babysitter got pregnant too. Actually, each of our first four babysitters got pregnant while caring for our children. Is that because our Wild Kingdom–esque, chaotic, testosterone-filled household made family life look so … appealing? Regardless, it seemed like some kind of weird human-resources record.

Until Renata, that is. Renata didn't get pregnant. Or have emergency surgery or even almost sue us. But she did change the way I think about family and parenting and what "good enough" actually means.

Hiring someone else to take care of your children feels, on good days, like a beautiful act of faith and, on bad days, like every single thing in your life is broken. When Hillary Clinton announced that quality, affordable child care is part of her platform, I thought, Well, finally! Any working parent knows that nothing—and I mean nothing—affects her state of mind like the state of her child care. Why do you think the Obamas had Grandma move into the White House?

WHEN MY CHILDREN WERE SMALL, I read a magazine article about good-enough parenting. It wasn't so much an article as it was a gigantic permission slip: I nearly had it tattooed across my forehead. For years, it gave me permission to believe that imperfect and perfect child rearing were not that far apart in terms of outcome. That absent some spectacular parenting or babysitting failure, my sons would turn out O.K.

I'm extremely lucky that I'm able to afford a babysitter who comes to my house to take care of my kids. It's a luxury many working parents cannot afford. This setup does not eliminate the worry, however, or complications, both logistical and emotional. In my experience, a relationship with a caregiver is a constant seesaw between worship and resentment, with gratitude as the fulcrum. In each case, I worshipped my babysitter because she did what I couldn't while I was at work: pour cereal, supervise cello practice, play Boggle. I resented her because part of me believed I should have been playing Boggle rather than sitting in a work meeting, and dumb little things like the fact that she left the cello in the car at the end of the day made me quietly enraged, not because I cared where the cello spent the night but because she was not me and I was not there, and the combination of guilt and loss of control made me feel like both the angriest and the pettiest person in the world.

I had to remind myself: A cello is just a cello. Good enough is good enough. And that meant I stayed detached, because a film of resentment was always there, a force field between my heart and my babysitter.

BUT THEN CAME RENATA. Over the years, friends would say of their caregivers, "She is just like family!" I'd nod in response, but inside I'd think, a) Don't lie to me, and b) I must be 75% robot. Because I had never, ever felt that way: our babysitter was always Other. Not part of our Wild Kingdom pack. But while my heart wasn't paying attention, Renata became just like family. Was it because she once rescued my anxious, sleepless son from a sleepover at 2 a.m. because I had turned off my phone and he could only reach her? Or made me a surprise cake with sliced strawberries on top that spelled out HAPPY BIRTHDAY KRISTIN? Or brought my husband a sandwich every day after his ACL surgery, knowing it was impossible for him to simultaneously manage crutches and lunch?

No. The reason the resentment force field dissolved and gratitude turned to love was that Renata—who arrived five years ago, when my youngest was 4—was so much more than good enough. She was like my sister: funny, kind, interesting, occasionally bossy, consistently reliable and always, always on our side. Which might explain why, before Renata left us recently, my stoic mother sent me an email that said, "When I think about Renata leaving, I feel like I'm going to cry."

Finally, Renata was a better babysitter than I am a parent. I will always miss her, and I will miss the way I used to think. Because now I know that when it comes to parenting and babysitters and children and love, good enough is good enough. But extraordinary will change your family forever.

Van Ogtrop is the editor of Real Simple

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCI GUTIÉRREZ FOR TIME

GRANDMA, WHAT A BIG WHOOPING COUGH YOU HAVE.

Understand the danger your grandchild faces from whooping cough. It s a highly contagious disease that can be especially serious even fatal for infants. Unfortunately, many people who spread it may not know they have it.

If you have a new grandchild or one on the way, talk to your doctor or pharmacist about ways you can help protect yourself and your family from whooping cough, including getting vaccinated.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) recommends everyone, including those around babies, make sure their whooping cough vaccination is up to date.

Ask your doctor or pharmacist if a whooping cough vaccination is right for you and your family.

gsk

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Visit **BigBadCough.com/print** to learn more.

Zachary Quinto The actor, who stars as Spock in this summer's *Star Trek Beyond,* on gay rights, Edward Snowden and the enduring messages of science fiction

This is the 13th *Star Trek* film overall and the third installment with this cast. What gives this universe longevity? It's Gene Roddenberry's vision. He had such a deep faith in humanity. People respond to the undercurrent of unity.

That makes this one timely, given that the country—and the world—feels so divided. Our adversary in this movie is a being who's diametrically opposed to the Federation. He wants to destroy a place that's a hub for different species and races—people from all over the galaxy coming together and inhabiting this one place. It's weirdly parallel to what's going on all over the world right now. There's waves of nationalism and xenophobia and fear-based thinking and intolerance. It's alarming. At the end of the day, this is a blockbuster summer popcorn movie—we're not trying to delve into any of these themes explicitly—but what *Star Trek* represents is the idea that unity will always overcome hatred.

In the wake of the attacks in Orlando and Trump's picking Mike Pence as his running mate, does it feel like a frightening moment to be a gay American? There are indicators of the pendulum swinging the other way right now. I am scared. I don't take anything for granted. We have to fight with everything we have. It's just a bleak and dangerous moment in our geopolitical landscape right now. It's unprecedented in our lifetime how precariously we're all perched—not just here in this country but around the world.

In this film, it's revealed that John Cho's Sulu is gay. George Takei said he was "disappointed" by that, because he wanted to see a new gay character. I get it. I really love George. He's an incredible advocate. But I feel like the other side of it carries more weight. The idea of taking this already beloved character and adding another dimension is so powerful for young people, and so powerful as a gesture to the LGBT community, who has long advocated for representation in the *Star Trek* universe. One of Spock's most famous sayings is "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few." It's what I wanted to gently remind George of in that moment.

You play the journalist Glenn Greenwald in Oliver Stone's biopic *Snowden* this fall. Did your feelings about Snowden shift over the course of making the film? I went in feeling like what he did was immeasurably beneficial to society, and that belief was only reinforced by working on the film. Once I started understanding more about the information that he disseminated, it was shocking how grievously it was an invasion of so many people's privacy. We should be equipped with information in order to protect ourselves. Look—it's complicated, but I feel like he was vilified in a way.

Now there's a robot version of Snowden that travels around. Yes—because of technology, he's not limited in his ability to connect and still have influence and be a part of things. Hopefully he'll be able to find his way back to normalcy at some point.

Your *Star Trek* co-star Anton Yelchin died unexpectedly in June. I was so sorry to hear about his passing. It's so surreal to have the promotion of this movie coming so soon after that abject tragedy. I don't think it will be until after we're putting this movie out that we'll be able to settle in to the magnitude of the loss. I still can't believe he's not going to show up for the premiere. He was truly one of the most delightful and enchanting people.

Spock is driven by logic, but in this film there's more of his love story. There's a tension there—isn't love inherently illogical? Probably, but that's what makes it so exciting.

—SAM LANSKY

ANTHONY HARVEY—GETTY IMAGES

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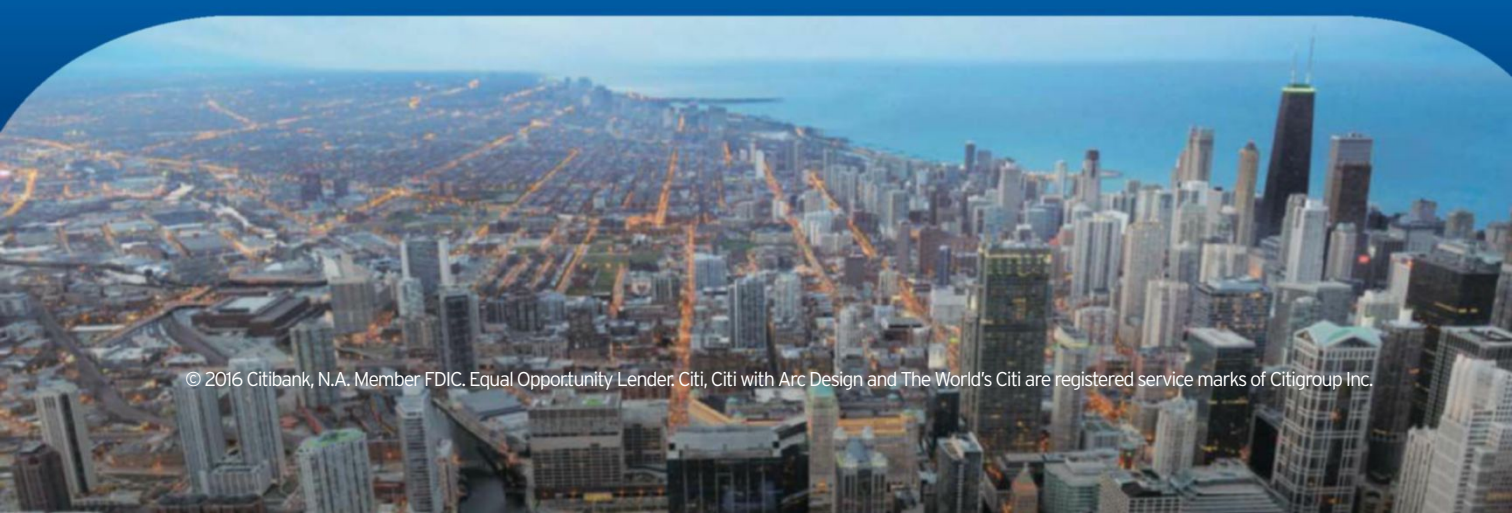

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